

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come!"—*Doris Clore Demaree*
- How the Teen-Ager "Gets Religion"—*Margaret Greene*

NOVEMBER, 1952 • 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat

How we cherish the last warm days in November! Like the trio on our cover, we want to scrunch down on the sunny side of a haystack or shock of corn, beyond the reach of chilling winds. Ambition? None whatever, just to sit. Somehow, we need neither calendar nor Presidential proclamation to remind us that Thanksgiving Day is coming.

This holiday is important in the Christian home. With its family reunions, it is a day for remembering. . . . For remembering parents, grandparents, and the past generations who contributed to our great heritage. . . . And, as Christians, for remembering Christ and the Eucharist. For, as you recall, the word Eucharist, in the original Greek, meant to "give thanks." As Christ partook of the Last Supper, Matthew records, he took the cup and *gave thanks*. Then he passed it on to his Disciples.

● *Hearthstone*, as a magazine for the Christian home, takes special notice of Thanksgiving Day. If you hope to revive old customs and adapt them to new conditions, read "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come!" To avoid or eliminate friction within family groups, read and heed "Holiday Squabbles." To make your family festival a success, consult "Thanksgiving Fun." To enrich family life, consider "Music in the Home" and "Sunday Night Suppers by the Children." For the teen-ager and his parents, "How the Teen-Ager 'Gets Religion'" and "Win, Lose or Draw." To make Christmas gifts that radiate love and thoughtfulness, read "Give Scrapbooks for Christmas" and "Beanbags and Stuffed Animals."

● And now may we express our thanks. . . . To our readers for sending words of appreciation and for passing *Hearthstone* on to others. To our busy authors for their ideas and inspiration. To our careful craftsmen who each month, not with magic but with knowhow, take the ideas they find in a bulging heap of paper, change them into neat metal forms and then back to paper—into thousands of colorful *Hearthstones*, crisp and glossy, trimmed and bound.

Next Month . . .

Before the sun's rays leave the corn shock, let's glance at December's treats: Christmas in Japan; Let's Sing About Christmas; It Helped "Save" Christmas; Family Customs Do Count; a Cousin Tom story, fiction, book reviews. There's more, but the rays are all!

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A Word
from
The Word

Before His Presence with Thanksgiving

O come, let us sing to the LORD;

let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!

Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving;

let us make a joyful noise to him with songs of praise!

For the LORD is a great God,

and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the depths of the earth;

the heights of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his, for he made it;

for his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down,

Let us kneel before the LORD, our Maker!

For he is our God,

and we are the people of his pasture,

and the sheep of his hand.

—Psalm 95:1-7



Mrs. Demaree is the author of the new church school curriculum material for second-year juniors. She lives on a farm in Indiana . . . and she is a GRAND-MOTHER!



*Over the river and through the wood
To grandfather's house we go. . . .
For this is Thanksgiving Day.*

MIDDLE-AGED AND OLDER FOLK have nostalgic memories of similar Thanksgiving Day scenes. Most young people today have enjoyed the pleasures of holiday visits to the home of their grandparents. But times are changing, and the number of children who have never had this experience is growing ever larger. Families live miles and even continents apart. Homes today are growing smaller and smaller; trailers and apartments do not welcome large numbers. The family itself is smaller than that of yesterday.

As the traditional Thanksgiving celebration becomes a thing of memories only, are we losing something of real value, something fine and wholesome? Are we losing something of our rich Christian heritage? Are we glad to see it go?

Only just last year a young man, still in his teens, said, "Families should always go to their grandparents' for Thanksgiving." He made the statement

as he was returning home from a different type of Thanksgiving celebration. He had had fun, but he had missed something of real thanksgiving in the new kind of celebration. On previous occasions he had gone to his grandfather's, where the families all came together to talk over the things that had happened during the year, to see how the children had grown, to play games together, to eat together, and to thank God together. He missed it all.

What were the values of vital importance to be found in the old-fashioned celebration? First, it preserved the feeling of family-togetherness. Families often were large and perhaps somewhat scattered, both by distance and by interests, but in observing this annual festival, they were drawn together in a common bond of family fellowship. At Thanksgiving time all roads, all interests led to but one place—grandfather's house. There everyone had fun together; but

even in planning for the day's festivities they began to develop that feeling of oneness with every other member of the family. Each person was part of something far bigger than himself. This feeling grew and grew; reaching its climax at the close of the day, when the family group again parted, each to go his separate way throughout another year. Yet, because of this day together, each continued to feel within himself a measure of the common bond of togetherness.

Also, there was family-thanksgiving. Perhaps thanks were expressed vocally only in the grace before the midday feast, but many a prayer of thanks was felt throughout the day, and, often, for many days thereafter.

Sons and daughters, now grown up, saw again their aging parents and felt their love. How thankful each was for the other, for the persons they were, the fine Christian characters they had become, and for the opportunity to be together once more.

The amply spread table, with its air of well-being, and the general air of prosperity added to the occasion. Fathers and

"Come,

you

Thanksgiving Day of yesterday—how we long to revive it! But if old family customs cannot survive changing times, then discard the forms and cling to the values. Here is an appraisal of the old, with suggestions for enriching the new

Thankful People, Come!"

What can we do to develop and preserve that sense of family-togetherness, that sense of belonging to the family group, even though members of the family live many miles apart?

First, the various members of the family, wherever they are, can plan together to have a "Thanksgiving-at-home" celebration. This can be held at any time of day that is most convenient: morning, noon or night. The same menu, even some of the same recipes, might be used. Some families might even like to work out a plan for various

members of the family to furnish a portion of these scattered feasts. Cousin Mary, for instance, makes fruitcakes, the like of which you never ate anywhere else. She can bake them weeks ahead and send them to the various families and individuals, wherever they may live. Perhaps Cousin John resides in the country and has popcorn he raised himself. He sends little packages of popcorn to all the family groups. Perhaps Bob lives on a fruit ranch. As Thanksgiving time comes round, he ships boxes of choice apples for Thanksgiving Day munching.

As the families come together in the various centers for their Thanksgiving, a common grace would unite them all. Grandfather might write out the grace he would have prayed had the groups all been together in one place. But whatever the grace and whoever the author, as each group paused to pray, there would come that sense of oneness with God and with one's family.

Some family groups might like to plan for a common worship

mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers were glad to know that all was well materially with the heads of the various households. God was indeed good to them, giving them health and strength and financial undergirding.

Perhaps the children did not understand all these feelings but they glowed in the warmth of the friendly atmosphere, in the cloak of love that enveloped them, in the sense of physical well-being from the preparations for the feast, and in the pleasure of new experiences. They cherished every moment, every sight and smell and sound, to be savored deliciously until another Thanksgiving Day dawned.

As we enter the second half of the twentieth century, can we somehow, within the living conditions we find today, develop and cultivate the kind of Thanksgiving celebration that will preserve earlier, traditional values, and perhaps add new ones not found in the old-fashioned celebration?



Autumn Dream

The fields are lush with golden grain
And purple vineyards gleam
With jeweled splendor in the sun
To weave an Autumn dream.

The pungent smell of burning leaves—
A mist above the lake—
And earth becomes a fairyland
Whose spell we dare not break

Until its loveliness becomes
A glowing, living part
Of all that lights the passing years
Within the secret heart.

EDNA E. KING

service, built about expressions of gratitude for blessings, and petitions for absent loved ones. Here is just a suggestion:

Our Father, We Ask Thee¹

Our Father, God, we ask Thee, hear this prayer
For members of our family, somewhere—
The miles are long that keep us far apart:
Be with each one in loneliness of heart;
O may each feel thy love a guiding light
To lead him through the tangled maze aright.

Dear Father, God, give each a faith that right
Somehow has power that's greater far than might,
That in the world which man himself shall build
The teachings of the Christ must be fulfilled;
That love must be the cornerstone and find
Expression in the deeds each leaves behind.

This family, Lord, was once a unit true
That gave obedience to its Christ and You;
But now we go each in his separate way,
And in this lonely separateness we pray
And find again the bonds of family
More tightly bound because we trust in Thee.

If some member of the family sings, this prayer-poem could be sung to the tune "Finlandia" and recordings made for each of the family gatherings to use on Thanksgiving Day.

Letters could be written and sent to each group, to be opened and read on Thanksgiving; or letters

¹By Doris Clore Demaree from *Hearthstone* (Devotional Magazine).

could be written at the gatherings to be sent to the absent members.

If families live close enough to get together but do not have the space in their homes for a family gathering, they might plan to go to church together. More and more there are eating places that cater to family groups. Often family dinners can be arranged at such places following the church service. Sometimes homes are large enough for families to get together but not to have dinner together. In such cases the dinner together might be at one of these family eating places. Then the family might return to one of the homes for fellowship.

If most of the family can get together, it often is practical to make a phone call during the day to the lone member away from the gathering. Everyone can talk—and share in the expense. What wonders it does for the one away, in strengthening the bonds of togetherness!

But what of the small family with no close relatives? And what of single persons away from their families? The small family could cooperate with another family who otherwise might not have a Thanksgiving Day celebration. Or, the small family or the single person could invite another lonely family or individual to share in their Thanksgiving dinner. Thus would develop a foster-family bond not unlike the real blood-family fellowship.

Times have changed, and we must prepare to meet the changes. If we will, we can create and develop traditions that retain the old-time values and yet satisfy the new conditions. We can thus make of Thanksgiving something real and vital in the lives of every member of the family.

*Come, ye thankful people, come . . .
Raise the song of harvest-home.*

Good Taste

November flaunts her colors gay

Against a sky of silver-gray.

The russet of the maple leaf,

The yellow-gold of every sheaf,

The orange of pumpkins, plump and round,

And ruby apples on the ground.

How nice that God chose silver-gray

As background for these colors gay!

HELEN M. WROUGHTON

*Every teen-ager, be he tops or just "fair
to middlin'," will have ups and downs,
defeats and victories. Like the captain
of a ship at sea, come crest or trough or
just smooth sailing, he can't change
the vessel's wake but he can chart the course*

WIN LOSE or DRAW



By D. MAXINE COTTRELL

I AM MARTHA Hilbright, Jeannie's mother. I like to see Jeannie win, just as other mothers like to see their daughters and sons win top honors, but I know she can't be in the lead all of the time. In fact, I wouldn't want her to, because that would restrict her to one small area of development. I want Jeannie to have a well-balanced, fully rounded life.

I know a girl whose mother thinks she should always be a "straight A" student (even an occasional A- is not tolerated), play first violin in the orchestra, have the lead in all class productions and date the most popular boy in school. (She does it, too, and besides she's a beauty

for looks.) But I feel sorry for that girl and for her mother, too. That mother doesn't realize that by her prodding and urging, she is denying her daughter the opportunity of developing fully in all phases of life experience. Thus, she is actually denying her the greatest of all gifts, the ability to understand human nature.

Defeat and victory are normal occurrences, and both are essential to produce well-balanced personalities. Experiencing the exhilaration of victory and the depression of defeat and all the varying degrees between the two, helps lift a person out of his own small self and makes him acutely aware of the worth of

every human being. Defeat is accepted, not in a you-just-wait-till-I-get-you-after-school attitude of revenge, but after the first impact, as a warm, bosom-swelling hope and confidence that there will be another dawn, another day. Victory becomes not a pinnacle where one stands alone, wrapped in glory, but, rather, a joy shared.

Jeannie and I recently shared an experience that has proved valuable to both of us. Her home-room teacher was responsible for Jeannie's brief political career. She urged Jeannie to run for an office in the student council; so the first thing we knew, Jeannie had her hat in the ring and was campaigning for the vice-presidency. I probably would never have been directly

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

For America



Dear Heavenly Father,

Accept our thanks for this homeland of America.

Help us each day to express within our individual homes the ideals on which this beloved land was founded. Let the love of family members grow to concern for all our fellow-citizens. As our children learn to patch up their quarrels, may they discover how to work successfully with others of conflicting ideas.

May we realize that America's foreign policy is only as strong as our interest in those who, in faraway places, gather spices for our baking; that America's domestic policy is as weak as our cruel remark about the dark-skinned man in our community.

May we never become too busy to read The Book which guided and blessed our country's founders. As we use our labor-saving devices—beyond the dearest dreaming of our pioneer grandmothers—let us dedicate the time we have gained to the cultivation and preservation of this land of liberty—the land they loved with their lives.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

involved had Jeannie's chosen campaign manager been able to function. However, she was busy making up some schoolwork and was forced to give up politics. Discouraged, Jeannie was ready to drop the whole thing. It did look hopeless on Friday when I was finally consulted. The primary election was to be the next week, and nothing had been done about posters, handbills or a campaign speech.

Saturday morning, as I went about the usual cleaning, I tried to concoct a plan to save the situation as far as possible. I don't like to see children allow themselves to be drawn into a program unless they are really interested, and plan to give it their best and see it through. The harder I pushed the vacuum cleaner and polished with the dust cloth (I do the downstairs cleaning and Jeannie the upstairs), the more enthusiastic I

became about the challenge before us—Jeannie and me—for now I was her campaign manager.

Much to Daddy's disgust (and neglect), we spent all Saturday afternoon and evening and all Sunday afternoon and evening designing two large posters. Bud, Jeannie's younger brother, became interested in the project and lent his talents to the cause. Most political aspirants used more posters, but we chose to limit ours to two, heavily imbued with popular appeal. One was designed "For Boys Only," proudly bearing the distinguished mark of the male—a real, honest-to-goodness necktie from Bud's scant collection of two. The other was "For Girls Only" and daintily carried the banner of the essence of girlhood—a hair ribbon. If a fellow student saw one poster he would invariably seek out the other, placed

in a far distant spot. Teachers, too, proved to be unable to resist the human-interest appeal. Here they are:

FOR BOYS ONLY

Girls like boys to be:

1. Masculine, but no "tough guy"
2. Polite, but no "Emily's boy"
3. Handsome, but no "glamour boy"
4. Friendly, but not "wolfish"

Vote for

JEANNIE HILBRIGHT

for

Vice-President

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Boys like girls to be:

1. Feminine, but no "cream puff"
2. Pretty, but no "glamour girl"
3. Friendly, but not "gushy"
4. Natural, but no "show-off"

Vote for

JEANNIE HILBRIGHT

for

Vice-President

Jeannie composed her own campaign speech, with a little advice from Daddy as to form and technique, a few suggestions on simplicity and sincerity from Bud, and some minor corrections from Mother. The entire family warmed up to the idea and patiently served as audience for rehearsal after rehearsal. On the day the campaign speeches were to be given, we ate breakfast to the promise of "democracy among students," "cooperation between students and teachers," "open-minded and progressive study methods," "varied and balanced extra-curricular activities," etc. Faces beamed around the table that evening when Jeannie reported on the success of her speech. All the compliments and enthusiastic best wishes from students and teachers were music to our ears. One teacher even asked her class which speech they considered best, and then proceeded to tell them (much to Jeannie's combined joy and embarrassment) that, in her opinion, Jeannie's was undoubtedly the finest.



After Jeannie won the primary election, we felt encouraged. We made one more poster for the school hall. It was a life-size silhouette of Jeannie making this simple promise:

I, Jeannie Hilbright, promise to do my best if elected.

Vote for
JEANNIE HILBRIGHT
for
Vice-President

Campaign cards we made by the hundreds. We wrote fortunes on the backs of the cards, a different fortune for each of a dozen or more different colors. Each voter was invited to choose his favorite color and thus get a prediction of his own personal future.

It was fun to plan, and all our efforts were well received, but it wasn't good enough. Jeannie lost in the finals! The three top offices were filled by a set of boy triplets, well liked and very deserving boys.

It was a hard day for Jeannie. She lost a badminton tournament by one point, had a slight run-in with a teacher, and lost the election. She opened the door heavily that afternoon when she came home. She twined her arms around my neck and wrinkled up her face in a hideous effort to fake a cry.

"Mommie! Mommie!" she moaned, "I want my Mommie!"

Then, with the unsurpassable resiliency of youth, she sprang back so she could face me and announced, "I'm going to run again next year, and I've already decided on my platform!"

With campaign fire in her eyes and appropriate gestures she began to orate, "Fellow students, arise! Help break the monopoly. Elect a more representative group to govern our student body."

Aside, she explained to me, "After all, there's not a girl in the council; they are all boys, and furthermore they are all from *one* family." She widened her eyes and tightened her lips

in mock alarm. "They *are* good kids, though," she added with an impish grin.

"It is good," I thought. Her failure to be elected was just one more incident to help along my private theory of "varied and balanced experiences" to produce well-adjusted kids.

The following Sunday (she told me this afterward), she sat in church and watched from her vantage point in the choir loft as Daddy assisted with the offering. She said, "I got all goose-pimply just looking down at Daddy and seeing how handsome he is and realizing how lucky I am to belong to such a wonderful family."

There's danger that consistent winning will develop a just-look-who-I-am attitude and further thwart development by shutting off intercommunication between the winner and less privileged individuals. Also, resentment seems to well up against the one who gets the end piece of cake with all the frosting. On the other hand, anyone who gets into

the habit of defeat is doomed, too, by his own oh-I-knew-I'd-never-make-it attitude. When a consistent loser relegates himself to a position of inferiority, he is soon looked upon by others as an inferior person. Then before anyone realizes what is happening, he actually does become a very inferior sort of person. Neither, however, should one always be "one of the masses." Each should have the right to show himself to be an individual, possessing personal characteristics that are his alone.

Lucky you, if you win top honors once in a while, lose a little now and then, and just place in the middle a great deal of the time. If you have experienced all variations of the competitive game, a warm glow of understanding will fill your heart and you will be able to walk up to the winner and say, "Congratulations, Jerry, and best wishes." And with equal zeal and understanding you will approach the loser, "You made a good showing, Margie, and remember, other days will dawn."

A Thought for Thanksgiving

The summer days have wrought a harvest store;
The autumn fields have given forth their grain
In golden streams of graciousness that pour
Into our barns from valley, hill, and plain.
In thankfulness we raise our hearts to God;
Our voices shape the words of humble prayer
That such a miracle of seed and sod
May help us sense a Father's loving care.
In laden bough, in spreading, bounteous field,
In fireside, warm against the winter's cold,
Our Father's love is graciously revealed,
A story of His kindness is told.
Then let us not forget the bounty's source
Is God who shapes each season's purposed course.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

GEORGE VROOMAN was worried. He was fearfully sure that Helen had noticed the telltale signs of sleeplessness around his eyes and the fact that he had merely picked at his breakfast. Any moment now she would speak up and he would know he had two things to worry about—Helen and his problem. Presently it happened.

"George, you're worried about that Hughes hearing, aren't you?" she asked quietly—too quietly. "You haven't eaten your eggs or even drunk one cup of coffee."

"I just don't feel so good this morning, Honey."

"You're worried, and that's a bad sign."

"Why should I be worried when I'm about to get a promotion?" He was suddenly irritated by her interest in the subject.

"Maybe it's because you're afraid it wouldn't be right for Mr. Hughes to lose his job—on your say-so."

"That's absurd, Helen. It won't be on my say-so."

"But you said the regional director told you that what you say will probably be decisive. And that's easy to understand, George. Hughes's other two assistants brought the charges against him and are prejudiced. You're the only assistant who isn't involved at all; and as senior assistant you are in a position to know more about the facts than any of the others. And you said, yourself, the regional director told you your reputation for being a Christian would carry weight. Everybody knows you have the largest Sunday school class of boys in the city."

"So what?"

"Just this, George Vrooman." Helen's voice was very low now, but emphatic and uncompromising, and George knew it got that way only in moments of great moral conviction and after much thought. He knew now she'd been thinking about it since yesterday. It had been a mistake to

By **LOWELL W. RAYMOND**

Promotion

—A Story

mention it. There were some angles she didn't understand. And shouldn't try to! He was getting angry at Helen, a thing which had happened only once since they were married seven years ago.

"Folks consider you a Christian," she added. "Your responsibility in this matter is very great—to do what you can for justice and truth."

"Do you think I would lie?" he shouted.

"No, Dear, but you want his job so you can get a car and do things for Bonnie and me, and you don't like him since he kept you from getting that job last year. And feeling that way, it might be easier for you to say things that would hurt him, or refrain from saying things that would help him."

"But he drinks too much, and I can't stand a drinker! That's one of the charges against him. And what's more, if it hadn't been for him I would have a car right now—and you would have more dresses!"

"But, Darling, you have said that several others, including the director, drink too much, too, so it isn't likely they're going to fire him just for that. And you have often said that Hughes has a great deal of executive ability, and that he's honest. I wouldn't want to get a car or nice clothes by having him lose his job—if he shouldn't. You wouldn't either, Dear, and that's what's worrying you. I hope you've prayed about this."

"I don't like your tone!" he said through closed lips. "I in-

tend to tell only the truth and not to say a word more than I have to."

"It would be just as bad to make him lose his job by what you could say, but don't." Her voice was still low and uncompromising.

George threw down his napkin and stood up. A flood of furious words rushed to his lips; but he glanced at six-year-old Bonnie a moment, kissed her quickly, and strode into the front hall without speaking.

"Aren't you going to get the new red car, Daddy, the one you showed me last night?" Bonnie called after him.

Helen jumped up and hurried after George. "Listen, Darling," she began, but he just snatched his hat from a hook and hurried out, slamming the front door. He had never done that before.

ON THE BUS he couldn't read the paper. He couldn't concentrate, even on the headlines. He kept seeing the tears that were in Bonnie's eyes when he left—and the strange fear. Helen's "Listen, Darling" kept bothering him, too, as he tried in vain to fight off his growing anger toward her. She had an uncanny way of putting her finger on his spiritual sore spots, but he had never been so angry at her before. Here was a chance to get a nice promotion without saying or doing anything wrong. He had worked hard for it; and, furthermore, Hughes had not only made some bad slips, but he had plenty of money and didn't need the job.

Preaching and practicing are two different things, especially when position and possessions dangle ahead. Here a man of high principles—for others—finds . . . But you'll want to read the story

George would admit that Hughes had outstanding administrative ability and the power to inspire his people, abilities which, George knew, he didn't have himself. But that wasn't important right now. George was confused. Unhappy! And he hadn't been until Helen made him that way. Or had he? He wondered. What had really made him unhappy? His conscience! The temptation to tell the truth in such a way that it would help him get another man's job. He wanted to be a Christian in this matter, but he was making a mountain out of a molehill, he told himself unconvincingly. He wasn't thinking straight, and in about ten minutes he would have to appear before the board.

On his way down the hall to the hearing room he passed Hughes's office and paused long enough to admire its size and furnishings. Again he thought of what he could do with Hughes's salary. The thought was comforting and seemed to put a different aspect on the immediate problem.

THE HEARING started as soon as George arrived.

Mr. Tiffany, the Washington representative, presided with as much dignity as his three hun-



George clenched his napkin and stood up. A flood of angry words rushed to his lips.

dred pounds would permit. Baker, the tiny regional director, and Mr. McCann, Hughes's redheaded superior from Baltimore, sat on either side of Tiffany, but Hughes sat at the far end of the table, his characteristic smile as broad and bright as ever. George fought against a sense of shame as he took a chair nearest the door and sat with his back to Hughes.

"Now, Mr. Vrooman," Tiffany said, "I'm not going to ask you many questions. I realize I'm putting you in an embarrassing position by asking you any, because you are in line for Hughes's position if he should be removed and you had nothing to do with bringing the charges against him. But that very fact, together with the knowledge you have gained as senior assistant to

Hughes, and your reputation as a Christian makes it—shall we say—imperative that I ask you a few questions regarding the most vital issues in this case."

"What's my reputation as a Christian got to do with it?" George asked sharply.

"It just makes us extra sure you'll tell the truth." There was a trace of a sneer in Tiffany's voice.

George was doodling by drawing triangles on the back of an envelope, and he noticed that his hand was shaking. He hoped he could keep his voice steady. There was no reason why he should feel and look like a criminal, he told himself.

ILLUSTRATION BY IAN

"Mr. Vrooman," Tiffany said loudly, "did you ever hear Mr. Hughes say he hoped that Baker here would not get the position as regional director?"

"Yes."

"How many times did you hear him say that?"

"Two or three, maybe." George squelched his conscience, which kept urging him to tell the whole story. After all, he was only supposed to answer direct questions.

"Did you ever hear him criticize Mr. McCann, his superior from Baltimore?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear him say he was too young and inexperienced?"

"Yes." He could tell Tiffany that Hughes had said some complimentary things about McCann, too, but he tried to assure himself that that wouldn't make any difference.

"Now, Mr. Vrooman, think well before you answer the next question. It's most important." He paused and looked sharply at George.

George felt his heart pounding and sensed that his face was getting red.

"Can you recall any instance when Hughes ignored Mr. McCann's orders?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Two."

"State one of them."

"Well, Mr. McCann told Mr. Hughes to tell a field office manager that he would be fired if he didn't make certain office adjustments immediately. Mr. Hughes didn't do it." George neglected to explain that Mr. Hughes had excellent reasons for not doing it, and that Mr. McCann didn't have all the facts.

"According to what you have said, Mr. Hughes told people he hoped Mr. Baker wouldn't get the position of regional director, and he has been critical of McCann, his immediate superior, and he has refused to obey Mr. McCann's orders. In other words, he has been disloyal and disobedient. That's right, isn't it?"

Before Tiffany had finished his question, George was trying again to justify himself in the light of Helen's breakfast-table words; and as a result he didn't realize that Tiffany had finished his question.

After a moment of silence, Tiffany said impatiently, "Your answer is yes, isn't it?"

George didn't remember the exact language of the question, but he was sure he had the gist of it, and he mustn't let Tiffany know he hadn't been paying attention. Suddenly he looked up from his doodling. "Why, yes," he said.

"Any questions you want to ask him, Mr. Hughes?"

George had forgotten that Hughes might have a chance to question him, and he knew that if he said things under cross-examination that he should have said before it would look awfully bad for him. He felt weak as he waited for Hughes's answer or for his first question. The pause seemed endless.

Finally Hughes said, "No," and a wave of relief swept over George.

"That's all, then," Tiffany said.

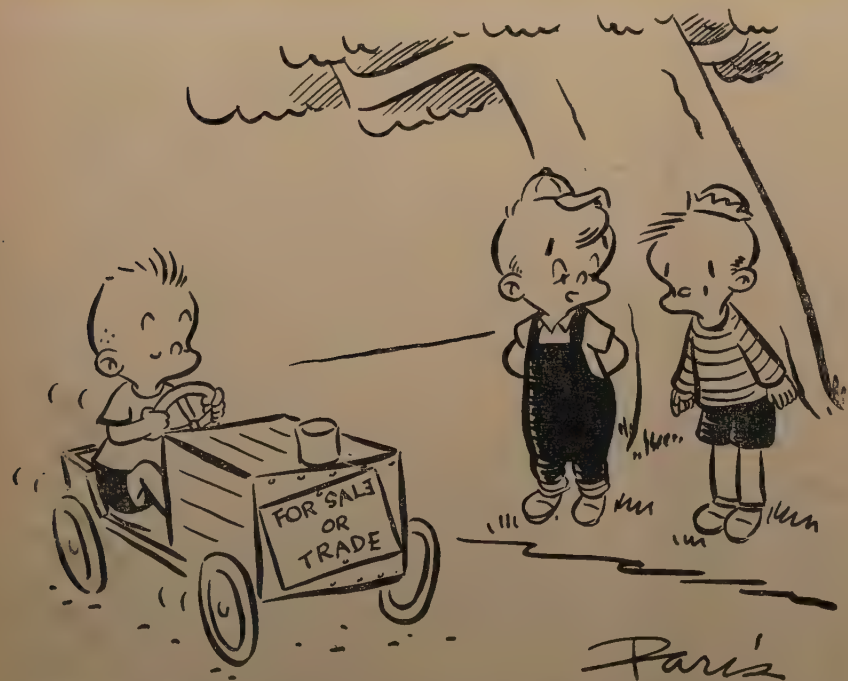
George felt instantly that he didn't want to go yet; he ought to say more. But it was hard to think. He had told the truth, but it hurt not to be able to look at Hughes.

"I said that's all," Tiffany repeated loudly.

GEORGE HURRIED from the room without looking at anyone but aware that everyone was looking at him. He was seeing himself now as the man he had condemned last Sunday in his talk to his class of 125 boys—the man who deliberately sins because he wants to, and at the same time saves his conscience by assuring himself of God's forgiveness and by promising himself weakly that he won't do it again. Maybe he wasn't thinking straight, he told himself. But wasn't the fact that he was unhappy about it all, proof that he hadn't done the right thing?

He had picked up his brief case automatically and was going out the street door before he finally realized where he was. For an instant he looked at the red sedan parked by the curb and he felt better as he thought of taking

(Continued on page 43.)



"I remember when you could get one like that for four marbles and a turtle."

*Planning for family fun
may not always be fun. But
what can be done to prevent...*

HOLIDAY *Squabbles*

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

EARS WERE 'streaming from her eyes as she opened the door of the telephone booth. She was a young woman in a plaid gingham housedress and red sweater. As she rushed past me, she nearly knocked the nickel out of my hand while I stood waiting my turn at the phone.

She ran to a car in which two small children were waiting. Then she slid into the driver's seat and put her head on the steering wheel and continued to cry. Sensing she was in no condition to drive a car, I went over to her side and asked if I could be of help.

Half expecting her to tell me of a death, she said, instead, "It's just the usual holiday squabble with my people and his people. I wish the holidays never happened."

Almost weak-kneed with relief that there was no tragic automobile accident involved, I said, "Well, surely this can be worked out somehow."

The girl straightened up and made a grab for her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "Excuse me, I know it's silly, but my mother and my mother-in-law just wreck Thanksgiving and Christmas. My husband and I are months recovering from the financial and nervous strain. The only time he ever drinks is when there is a family

fight over where to eat turkey. This time I thought it was all worked out to everybody's satisfaction."

A towheaded boy and smaller sister in clean handknitted sweaters cowered in the back seat obviously frightened by their mother's behavior. Beside them was a box piled high with groceries, topped by a celery flag.

"This time we had agreed we could have the dinner at our house because it's so much easier

with the children. I've saved from our food budget for a month to buy a turkey from our neighbor. And I used my green trading stamps for a pan big enough to cook it in."

She had gone happily to the village telephone to confirm the time of her family's arrival only to find her mother in a "tizzy." It was her mother's turn to prepare the dinner; no, she was not going to come to the daughter's for Thanksgiving; the mother-in-law got to cook the dinner last year, and she was not to be allowed to think she could have them more than her share of the time!

"The worst of it is that's just the same story we hear from his folks, too," she told me, "and you just can't be in two places at once. We don't earn a lot of money and this car isn't good enough to drive through city traffic. Neither of our mothers ever tried to manage two children and holiday presents on a bus; they didn't have them in those days—busses, I mean."

The girl turned and looked me squarely in the eye: "All I want is to give my children a

United they stand, and how serene! But even this family may one day conclude that a nation's entangling alliances are easier to handle than in-laws with outlaw tactics. If they will learn to anticipate and analyze their problems and discuss them frankly together, all will be serene and the family united.



happy memory of the holidays. They are entitled to that, aren't they?"

But there was no time for me to attempt an answer, for just then the young husband appeared around the corner, a long brown paper bag bulging suspiciously under one arm. His red hair fairly sparked as he yelled, "Well, how about it? Where do we eat? Isn't it threshed out yet?"

HIS VOICE and the girl's face have haunted me all year. And I still think of the two youngsters and the conflict, confusion and tension they had to endure at a time when they should have been carefree and happy. Again and again have I heard the echo of this mother's plea: "My children are entitled to a happy memory of the holidays, aren't they?" Of course they are, and so are the children in all families.

The question of where to spend holidays is indeed a perplexing one in some families—one that calls for the exercise of tact and good judgment if hurt feelings are to be avoided for the older members of the "tribe" who are asking grown children to come home for the holidays. It is one that calls for love and devotion on the part of the young couples who are expected to come back to their family home, bringing with them their youngsters and babies. Some suggestions as to the most Christian way to handle the problem may prove helpful even to church families as the holidays approach.

HERE ARE some general questions we may well ask ourselves, regardless of age or generation, in first facing this question:

Are we prepared to be unselfish at the sacrifice of traditions if it means the happiness of others?

Do we have so much pride in our polished silver and cherished linens that we cannot bear to let someone else have the pleasure of entertaining?

Have we become so materialistic in our gifts that we overlook the necessity for spiritual gifts within the intimacy of our own family circle?

Can we learn how to relinquish those we love to others, so that they, too, may learn how to give?

How we answer such questions may prove a crucial test of active Christian philosophy. For certainly family holiday squabbles mar the celebration of the birthday of the Prince of Peace. In a world of international confusion, Christians have the rare opportunity of proving the power and beauty inherent in peaceful homes.

One of the first qualities of such a home is that its members are big enough to share with others. This does not mean just the sharing of material possessions. It means the sharing of what may be infinitely more precious—a day with an adorable granddaughter, or a mischievous, happy-hearted grandson. If these children are to be taught to take turns, as they play with their toys, they should not have their lessons marred by grandparents and parents quarreling over who is to have a turn at holiday entertaining. A practical approach to the problem is to try to work out a system of rotation.

Such a system becomes complicated—the larger the family involved the more plates at the table. One harassed young couple said, "This system won't work for us. When it came our turn to entertain, we would have to hire the church dining room and eat beans for the rest of the year."

This brings up the problem of how to limit the size of the family holiday party. "If we ask Aunt Minnie, we have to ask Aunt Kittie or they will fight all year," is sometimes said in the secret recesses of family discussions. Well, maybe it would be a good idea to let the two aunts feud with each other instead of the rest of the family if they can't find anything better to do with their time next year! Perhaps this sounds too harsh, but they ought to learn to grow up sometime. Is the holiday for them and their sensitive feelings or is it for the children? Won't these very strains of selfishness and traits of jealousy in some measure be transmitted to young and growing children if they see these aunts with their unpleasant personality traits dominating the situation? Maybe some relatives whose minds have turned in on themselves and their problems, need to be disciplined by absence from the family dinner table.

NO MATTER how large the dinner table has to be extended for the family on holidays, isn't there some way to make room for "just one more," so that the stranger within the gates may be accom-

A THANKSGIVING PUZZLE

By Alfred I. Tooke



Start at the large S; then take every seventh letter until you have used all the letters there are. You will spell out a very seasonable message that has come down to us over many centuries.

Answer: page 38.

modated? For by such a policy, children and grandchildren learn to expand their own range of interests. One family which took a soldier into its home unexpectedly on the Sunday before Thanksgiving found to their surprise that this was the first meal he had been served on a white tablecloth since his induction over a year before. As he was about to leave, he stood at the door, ready to catch his bus back to the camp. Suddenly he walked across to the mother in the family who had cooked the meal and said, "Please, may I kiss you good-by?" Today that mother remembers and includes other young men and women of the military service whenever possible at her holiday meals. The men and women in uniform are not the only ones who have benefited from these invitations. Her children have become increasingly active in church and community affairs because of their own growing concern for citizenship.

A REALISTIC survey of physical and financial resources may also help to relieve family tension at the holidays. Perhaps the older relatives have always provided a turkey and elaborate trimmings. Is it possible that their financial resources are slimmer now? Have the son and daughter now through school, begun to have larger incomes than their parents' and are better prepared financially to assume the responsibilities for entertaining? Perhaps for this reason alone, the dinner should be shifted to another and younger home.

Perhaps, along with the lessening of the financial earning power of the parents, there is also a slackening of physical strength. It takes energy to remain in the kitchen and cook a dinner with stuffing, potatoes, vegetables, salad and dessert. Perhaps the younger members themselves do not have an abundant reserve of physical strength, due to problems of child bearing and caring for young and active children who are constantly getting into cupboards and upsetting pans and tins. Well, then, how about a dinner party in which each contributes some portion, in accordance with his financial and physical means?

Such joint dinners offer opportunity for the youngest members of the family to furnish their first company dishes, and these early, awkward attempts may begin what, in later years, will be relished as a traditional delicacy, a "must," for which the individual becomes justly famous. One family with three small daughters allows each to bring her own specialty to the dinner: a gelatin salad, almost as easy to make as a pink mud pie; cranberry relish, cut from canned sauce into the shape of turkeys or bells by means of cookie cutters; long stalks of celery stuffed with cream cheese and nuts. What better way to teach the joy of homemaking than to let the children help with the actual preparation of the food?

BUT FOOD preparations must not be allowed to dominate the family holiday plans or we will turn into a race of Holiday Marthas. The spiritual

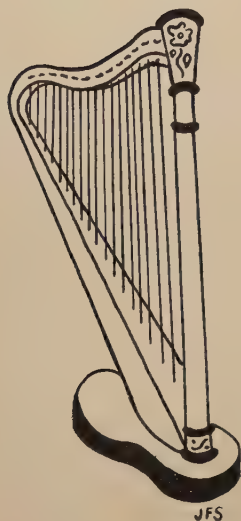


needs of a family also need to be remembered; then there will be no regrets for a lack of consideration when the family circle is broken. How often has a family said, on looking at a previous year's snapshot, "I certainly never dreamed that would be John's last dinner with us. But now that I look at this closely, I can see how thin he was and how tired he looked." Because of the mystery of life and death, it is incumbent on families to try to speak kind words and to be genuinely interested in the welfare of all who come to the family table.

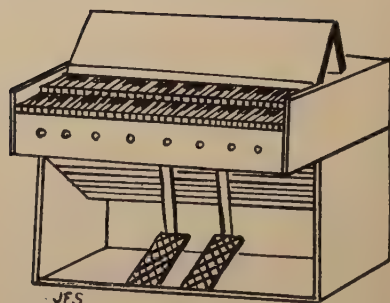
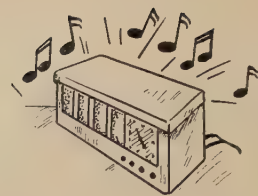
Who can know the power of even a simple prayer of gratitude at the beginning of a meal? It may remind an active, restless member of the group of how he had neglected his own prayer life lately. Seeing the family together, he may think back to the days when his own parents and brothers and sisters used to sit together in church, before the youngsters grew up and scattered to different states. Perhaps he will sense that all he has to do to restore his part of the practice is to walk into the nearest church next Sunday morning.

Our Christian celebration of the holidays, even within the blessed safety of the family circle, needs to remind us of the larger family in which all men are brothers. And on Thanksgiving we need to recall that the original cause for our dinners was to express thanks to God for his great goodness to his children in a new land where they might have religious and political freedom. Just a reflection on this seasonal reminder may help to keep personal emotions and tensions from marring what should be a happy and victorious day.

And when it comes time for Christmas there is much of counsel in the little boy's query to his anxious mother, worrying that all would go well. He asked, "Whose birthday is this anyway, Mommy?" Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, who in a world of war must find the most touching tribute in being welcomed gladly in homes of peace and tranquillity. How can any members of a family spoil his birthday through confusion and harsh tongues or with the tension of holiday squabbles?



MUSIC in the HOME



Whatever the source—voice, strings, wind or percussion, radio or phonograph—good music in the home gives both performers and listeners a sense of belonging to a sympathetic group with worth-while interests

STUDY ARTICLE

See Study Guide, page 39

After a year of struggle that son also recovered his health. Faith triumphed over uncertainty and sorrow, with the aid of songs of Christian courage and hope.

When, by way of contrast, all goes well and the joy of life thrills within us, how better can one express that joy than in the rapture of music. When people sing for the fun of it, their joys are quickly multiplied. Young folk like to express their happiness with strange music. A "bobby-soxer" played a new "be-bop" record. Turning to her father she said, "Oh—oh, have you ever heard anything so heavenly? Have you ever heard anything like it?"

"Well, not really, Dear," answered Father. "The closest thing to it I ever heard was when a truck full of hogs ran into an-

MOST AMERICAN families really do enjoy music. They know the magic of a song to lift the heart and chase the blues away. You come home tired from a hard day's work. You strum a tune or a favorite hymn on the piano, or set the record player going. Release and relaxation come quickly on the wings of a simple tune or a bright melody.

May we share an intimate family experience with you? It was one of those trying experiences, so difficult to master. The night before Christmas Eve we came home from the Youngstown Southside Hospital with heavy hearts. A hard blow had fallen upon our oldest son. He had been operated upon that very

day for a serious lung infection. We did not know whether it would be life or death for him. There was little Christmas spirit in us.

Then a visitor called at our home. Soon she began playing Christmas carols on the piano. Those songs seemed like subtle mockery to our burdened spirits. "Play on your violin," she said. Mechanically I played,

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the
everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee tonight.

Soon our entire family began singing. To the magic of song we recovered our poise.

*Mr. Humbert is minister of the First Christian Church, Niles, Ohio.

other truck loaded with empty cans."

Family Music Crowded Out

There are times when family music is in danger of becoming a lost art. The record player, the radio, and TV are filling the homes with canned, commercial music. The family program allows little time for singing or instrumental music. The living room seldom echoes with the old-fashioned family singing of solos, duets, quartets and choruses.

Modern life sadly needs unity in the family and likewise harmony in the home. Why not revitalize our family life with evenings devoted to group singing in the home? Let the little children, the young folk, and the adults have their fun with music and song fitted to their own age and experience. And why not revitalize our family music by having little family orchestras? Bring in the young people of the

neighborhood or the church youth group. Let them "give out" in song with a good leader and a good pianist. They really love to do it, once they get started. A family that sings together becomes more united and the spirit of harmony is a natural consequence.

The Family Songfest

The family songfest is really a wonderful experience. *A good songfest depends upon several prerequisites:*

First: the development of musicians in the family circle. Children must have many music lessons and much practicing must be done. Lessons put a strain on the family budget. But a family can well afford to do without many things in order that the youngsters may have competent instruction in voice and instrumental music. Not all children are naturally musical, but most of them can be taught the

rudiments, so as to enjoy the best in music. Many things we give our children will wear out or be lost with the passing of time, but the knowledge, skill, and inspiration of music and song will remain with them forever as a noble heritage. You must have musicians to lead and to give "umph" to the family songfest.

Second: Adequate supplies of fellowship songs, hymns, and other good music will be needed for family singing. Begin the sing with fellowship songs; then go on to ballads and a bit of light opera, if you like. Use old familiar hymns and new ones to bring a fine climax to the singing. Tell the stories connected with the hymns to bring them alive. Let the little folk dramatize the hymns.

Third: Make time for songs and music in your family program. As good stewards of time, put music into the family pro-



—Margaret I. Dicksee.

YOUNG HANDEL

How rare the sparks of musical genius! As this incident in the life of Handel shows, they are not man-made. Because his father disapproved of music, Handel, not yet eight, practiced secretly on a clavichord in the attic. Even though your child may not become a Handel, Paderewski, Kreisler, Schumann-Heink or Caruso, you can, through your own example and value attitudes, kindle sparks of interest and thus produce an appreciative listener or a genial amateur performer.



If your child has an aptitude for music, give him an opportunity to study. Encourage him by showing an interest in his progress and an appreciation of his efforts. Thus you can help him over the first dismal hours of practice, when bows screech, sweet notes sour, and fingers make unhappy landings.

gram. Begin with the tiny tots in the family. Small children like to march to stirring marching tunes. When they have learned to recognize a marching tune they are soon stepping about the room to the tempo of the rhythm. They love to march to music. Play the tune on the record player or the piano, and see their smiles as they keep time with their marching little feet.

It is surprising how early little children can learn to sing hymns and other songs taught by the parents. The little folk like to sing after supper. Or they look forward to a regular time Sunday evening with Mother, when she tells them a Bible story, followed by a little hymn time. In after years the songs they learned at these evening hours will be their favorite hymns and songs.

Let us celebrate the festive occasions of the year with family singing—Christmas, Thanksgiving, birthdays, the return of children from college, or when visitors come. Quiet singing on Sunday evenings with someone interpreting the hymns, would do much to calm our restless spirits.

Unify the Family: Strengthen the Church

What you would put into the hearts of the people, put into the songs they sing.

And now let me say something about the kinds of hymns which are to be used. Some religious

educators are opposed to the use of the simple gospel hymns. They would put out these gospel songs from the church and the home. They would use only the dignified and stately worship hymns. With this stilted theory we violently disagree. Our idea is that these simple gospel hymns constitute the "folk music of religion." Don't discard them any more than you would discard the folk music of the nation—"Home on the Range," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Old Black Joe." Some of these gospel songs are good, inspiring songs of faith and hope. However, we are not pleading for a place of honor for such unworthy songs as "Brighten the Corner."

Even small children soon learn to appreciate the great classic hymns of the church, just as they can be taught to enjoy other classic music, the majestic symphonies, and the operas.

Interesting music draws people into the home and into the church. Sometime ago a young adult class was struggling to build up their small group. They finally met one night for a supper at the parsonage, and after supper a "songfest" was begun. They warmed to the music and sang far into the night. A young soldier was present for the first time at this class meeting. He dusted off an old cello and began playing with the piano and added his bit of accompaniment to the music, to the delight of all. After that songfest he continued his interest and participation in the class. He said, "I didn't know anybody had such a good time any more in their homes. I'm going to take my place in this class, and stick to it."

Life moves onward to ever new changes and conditions. The times in which we live tend to pull our families apart. There is magic in music to unify and stabilize the home.

(Study Guide, page 39.)

Whether homemade or commercially produced, long-hair or crew-cut, music adds zest to family living. And on occasions such as this, it provides one more deposit in the bank of memories and one more tie for family unity.



This project reflects family interests and individual tastes. And the children soon discover that "selling" their collector's item to the others may be as hard as finding it in the first place. It's fun! It's thrifty!



OUR FAMILY "COLLECTS"

By HELEN L. RENSHAW



JANE, SUSAN and Billy listened attentively as I read: "The children placed the smooth oval eggs in a deep grass basket and then scampered off to bed.

"Tonight the fairies will color all the eggs," said Julie confidently, "and tomorrow we will find everything in order. Fairies don't leave footprints or fingermarks that we can see. But we'll know they've come when we see the red and yellow and orange eggs."

I closed the large scrapbook on my lap, leaning back with a tired but happy sigh. "Tomorrow night I'll finish the story," I told them.

The two girls sat at my feet on cushions, while Billy lay flat on his stomach by the fire. Father sat in his easy-chair just across from me.

"That's a swell story!" said Billy with enthusiasm. "And I'm the one who found it to put into our scrapbook of stories."

Yes, Billy was the one who added this particular Easter story to our collection, but his story is only one of the many stories we have collected in our enormous scrapbook. We have many stories and many kinds.

You see, we have a hobby. We collect stories. It's a hobby that our whole family enjoys.

Our hobby had its beginning one night when Susan came to me and asked to hear a story she had particularly enjoyed listening to several months before. Well, we hunted everywhere for that story, but no one could remember if it had been read from a church

school paper, or from a magazine or book. We never did find it.

"Why don't we collect the stories we like the best?" suggested Susan. "Then we won't be so disappointed the next time."

"Why, I think that's an excellent thought," I agreed, and that is how all our scrapbooks came to be.

All through the year, as we read books and magazines, we are on the alert for outstanding stories. Sometimes we are able to clip the stories directly from their source

and paste them into our scrapbook. Other stories, Father re-types for us from books so that they can be added

WE NEVER TIRE of our stories, because a great deal of thought goes into the selection of a particular story before it is awarded a spot in a scrapbook. We require that whoever has a story to present must bring it to us on a Sunday afternoon by the fireside or, if the season permits, we assemble outdoors on the terrace. You see, this story "hobby" is all family, a family custom, a thing that draws us together in mutual interest.

Sometimes Billy brings in a story that causes Jane or Susan to snort in disgust. That being the case, it is up to Billy to show us why his story is worthy of a place in one of our scrapbooks. Perhaps he can show that it teaches us some

fine courtesies, or informs us about certain things we should know. Perhaps it is a story designed to help us understand people of other countries.



So many of the places Jesus went,
Where mighty hours of His great days were
spent,
Were homes. From seaside, highway,
marketplace,
Even the temple with its hallowed space,
He often turned for some domestic spot
Where hate and jealousy pursued Him not,
The place the heart's dear road of questing
ends,
To spend a pleasant while among His
friends.

Houses where Levi and Zaccheus dwelt,
Simon the Leper's where Contrition knelt,
Jairus' home of mighty memory,
The pleasant little house at Bethany,
Emmaus where two walked with Him apart
And learned the secret of the burning
heart—
There He shared hours none ever could for-
get.
That was His way. It is so even yet.

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

It is truly amazing how our children have made reading a part of their lives since we began our hobby. Jane, especially, has always been impatient to be up and doing, too active ever to settle in any one place long enough to do more than start a story. At first I encouraged her by asking that she bring to us stories about sports and outdoor activities. Some of Jane's exciting basketball and football stories have taught Billy the values of good sportmanship. You see how even one person's special interest can very well result in worth-while benefit to all the other members of our group.

OUR COLLECTION grew and grew. Finally we decided to classify our stories according to kind or season. Today it includes all of the holiday seasons and special national holidays.

Number One Scrapbook is labeled "Christmas." Christmas stories and legends are many, and during the month of December, we spend many delightful evenings reading aloud or just to ourselves these especially fine selections. Holding first place in our Christmas collection are, of course, Bible stories of the Wise Men and Mary and Joseph, and the Baby Christ Child. Dicken's "Christmas Carol" is a favorite of the whole family, as are so many of the classics. Susan particularly likes to search for little-known legends and the early stories about mistletoe, the first Christ-tree and how Christmas is celebrated in other lands.

Many of our seasonal stories simply reflect the fine spirit of giving and good will to men. Because so many of these stories carry a truly splendid message, we feel they should be enjoyed the year round. Consequently, you may find any one of us lying flat under a beach umbrella in the middle of August reading a lovely Christmas legend.

Our Thanksgiving scrapbook is filling rapidly with legends and tales of early American scenes. We are fast learning the spirit of America through our new interest in the great men of our country—Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Madison, and so many others.

We have Bible stories splendidly retold and stories of missionaries and their brave, fine work. So many worth-while selections appear in our church school papers only to be lost or discarded shortly after the original reading. Now many of these fine stories are preserved in our scrapbooks. Our family interest in the written work about missionaries has resulted in a pen pal for Jane in far-away Siam.

Perhaps the nicest thing about our hobby is that there is no age limit. When our youngest child could read very little but still wanted to share our hobby, we let her color borders on the pages or draw small illustrations to clip to the first page of the story.

Each year our ideas expand as interests grow. Jane has recently taken great delight in unusual recipes from other countries. It is her suggestion that we include a recipe section in the back of each holiday scrapbook. Already she has new and old recipes for the Christmas month and Easter season. Father has favorite poems he thinks should be included so that he will know just where to find them.

So you see, there is really no end to ideas once the thing is started. Like a snowball on its downhill course, our collection is growing, collecting unto itself until one library shelf will no longer accommodate our many books.

One more happy thought: We don't have to think up something to do on a rainy day. Either there are stories waiting to be clipped and placed in their proper department, or we can all gather round and select from the wealth of entertainment that is there, ready and waiting for us to enjoy.

By MARGARET GREENE

Parents are important in developing a child's religious attitudes and in promoting his church-connected activities. Early childhood is the best time to begin, but the teens are not too late if parents understand . . .



Here's a picture rare and thrilling, too. A young Japanese "gets religion"—the Christian religion, despite an age-old non-Christian heritage. It is a scene in a baptistry in Yokohama as a Japanese minister of a missionary church administers baptismal rites.

HOW THE TEEN-AGER "GETS RELIGION"



PERHAPS it is too much of a well-worn truism to begin a discussion of the role of the parent in the religious development of teen-agers with the comment that such a role has its beginnings not in the young people's division of the church school, but in the nursery; in fact, not in the church school itself but in the home. This observation is not intended, however, to dismiss a teen-ager's parents with the admonition: "Well, you should have done better when he was a child." It is, instead, to point out that the role of the parents is a continuing one and that, though techniques of handling the child may change in accordance with his years, the parent's chief function in the religious development of the child remains the same—to stimulate and encourage but never dictate what that religious development will result in.

No religion is worth having that an individual has not worked out for himself, and this becomes increasingly apparent as well as important in adolescence. All teen-agers, according to psychologists,



Here, in a lakeside service at a summer camp, teen-age youths are sharing a long-to-be-remembered religious experience. Their parents are nowhere to be seen, but it was through their thoughtful planning and, in many cases, sacrifice that the boys were able to have this experience.

need and want three things: freedom, security, and love. A vital religion can go far toward helping them achieve these goals. And the wise parent can best help his child acquire a vital religion by keeping these needs in mind.

Let us face the fact that the parents of boys and girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen do confront specialized situations in dealing with the religious development of their offspring.

No longer is it possible—if it ever was—to choose what Mary will wear, provide her with a nickel for the collection, be sure she has her Bible, and then send her off to church school, secure in the knowledge that one is doing all one can to provide for Mary's religious development. The novelty of going to church school has long since worn off at twelve, and if Mary does not develop an interest of her own in the activities of her church and church school, and if she is not led by example and wise guidance into an awareness of what a real religion means to every person, she will more and more often choose blue jeans instead of her Sunday best and spend her nickel at the corner drugstore instead of dropping it in the col-

lection plate. As for the Bible, if she is not given encouragement and the proper tools for understanding what might otherwise seem incomprehensible phraseology, she will long since have abandoned any attempts to get past the more earthy parts of the Old Testament or the seemingly endless "begats" of the New.

Of course, regular attendance at church school and church is not the only goal of parents interested in assisting the religious development of their teen-ager. But since this is such a concrete problem, perhaps it is one which should be dealt with first. Let us forget the individual teen-ager for the moment, and consider the program which is offered him by his church and church school. Is it one that you would be interested in if you were fourteen years old? You know what your boy or girl likes to do at home, at school, and by way of recreation. Shouldn't you become an expert on what will interest him at church?

Your young people's department or division may need the shot in the arm that a group of energetic, interested parents can give it. This doesn't mean that you will take it over. But it does mean that you will use all resources available to become in-

formed on what constitutes a vital young people's program. It means, further, that you will work hand in glove with your youth leaders to provide that type of program. Perhaps you will become leaders yourselves—if not in a full-time capacity, at least on a part-time basis, so that you can give special help in any areas in which you are particularly skilled. This activity in itself will increase your effectiveness as adolescent's parents, for it will give you a valuable opportunity to become his friends and co-workers—a relationship often hard for parents to achieve.

PERHAPS at no time of life does example play as important a part in child training as during the years of adolescence. The teen-ager can be extremely logical. If church and religion should mean something to him, it should mean something to his parents. Moreover, since he is pathetically eager to become an adult, adult attitudes, especially those he hears expressed or sees evidences of in his home, are often slavishly copied.

This means that parents who are anxious for their teen-ager to take an active part in the church's program must set an

example of interest and willingness to assume responsibility. The father who takes pleasure in his membership on the church's visitation committee, who welcomes the opportunity to make new contacts in behalf of his church, and who cheerfully dedicates a fair portion of his free time to such activities is far more effective in encouraging his son's interest in the work of the church than is the father who relies on lectures or pleas.

When regular attendance at church school and church is the accepted family pattern, and the routines of home life make this the easiest thing to do on Sunday morning, most teen-agers conform as readily as they do on weekday mornings to the business of getting off to school. One family found that late hours on Saturday night were making it increasingly difficult for older teen-agers in the family to be ready for church school the next day. Two steps were initiated: (1) A friendly but indisputably logical position was taken by the parents that if occasional late hours on a school night were not allowed to interfere with school attendance the next day, the same held true for Saturday nights and church school. (2) The young people themselves were given more responsibility for their own behavior. The usual Saturday night curfew was revoked, with the understanding that, since they knew at what hour they would be expected to rise on Sunday morning, they could best decide at what hour they should retire on Saturday night.

EVERY FAMILY will have its own way of working out such mechanical problems as getting

to Sunday school on time, but perhaps every parent will not have as clear an idea about what part he can play in the more subtle aspects of his youth's religious development. All boys and girls entering the years of adolescence, from time to time think deeply and long on what are essentially religious problems: What do I believe about God? What is man's purpose? Of what worth am I when I consider the vastness of the universe? How can I face such problems as death, disappointment, seeming frustration? A parent's effectiveness in helping his child find reasonable answers to such questions depends on two things: (1) The extent of his own religious development, and (2) the closeness of the relationship with his son or daughter which he has built up through the years.

Even the best informed and most devout adult cannot claim to have the final answer to any of these questions, but his religion should have pointed the way to partial solutions and his faith should have provided him with a serenity of mind that permits him to face with equanimity most of the problems that life brings. It is this type of religious maturity toward which we would lead our young people and it is the wise parent who through the years, seizes on everyday events to demonstrate the effectiveness of religion in helping one to live at his best. A death in the family, a tragedy in the community, an event of national or international significance as reported in the daily paper, can all provide the basis for a family discussion in which young people will be encouraged to express

(Continued on page 47.)

Another religious experience for teen-agers: On Religious Emphasis Day some 900 high school students of Peoria, Illinois, met in a local church to discuss a topic of their choosing. Seven ministers and an associate national director of the United Christian Youth Movement (interdenominational) officiated.





Milk becomes nectar, hamburgers are glorified, and peanut butter sandwiches are "out of this world"—to the youngsters who prepare and serve them. With the practical directions and simple menus given here, even parents will enjoy . . .

II APPY IS the family whose parents encourage their children to find joy and a satisfying sense of achievement in that ever-recurring task in the home—meal preparation. Everybody likes to eat, and mealtime is one of the few times that the modern family gets together. If we're wise we'll make the most of it.

Sunday night breathes informality and fun. We're all relaxed, ready to take in stride a small brother's messy efforts or a big sister's fussiness. In the spirit of adventure, let's see what will happen by using Sunday night meals as a means of growing in togetherness, thoughtfulness, sense of responsibility, and ability to see a job through.

Let's agree to be lavish with praise, and sparing of criticism, even the constructive variety. Let's have it understood that Mother will check menus so that we won't wind up with something like cream of wheat, beans, ice cream, and pickles.

Plan Together

On Thursday or Friday night at dinner, let's say casually, "Bobby, how would you like to fix something for this Sunday night supper?" If Bobby comes through with *anything* that is in the realm of possibility or edibility, encourage him. But it will probably be cheeseburgers. Figure out with him the number to be fed, how much food will be needed, and either add it to your shopping list—or if it is to be a total experience, let him shop for the materials.

Let the family plan the remainder of the meal around Bobby's choice, but keep all the items within the beginner's range. Cooking even simple things is really a complicated art. The experienced

mother can make it easy by artful planning and a subtle undergirding that the young cook is unaware of, or accepts as he would an assistant's help.

Work Together

Don't expect anyone, not even Dad, to get a meal and complete the table setting alone if he is inexperienced. If you expect too much, the ex-

*Mother and daughter. Mrs. Cook is the wife of Gaines M. Cook, the executive secretary of the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ. Mrs. Holmes is their daughter.

Sunday Night Suppers by the Children

perience ends in failure, frustration, unhappiness. Rather let the meal be a cooperative affair—one person arranging the table, another fixing the beverage, etc., if there are enough persons to distribute the duties that way. If you are one of the cheaper-by-the-two families, each person will have several things to do. Always, it's to be in an atmosphere of fun.

Haven't you seen Dad broil steaks that were an utter delight to look upon and a joy to even the gourmet's taste? But it was Mother who set the table, cooked the vegetables or made the salad, and knew what the dessert was to be. However, Dad beamed with the joy of having produced a successful meal.

Make It Different

Some menus, or the occasion, or the time of year will lend themselves to a way of serving or a place that will give variety to ordinary routine. Tray meals are fun. They can be carried to the living room, where a fire is glowing or a television show going on, or to the back yard in the summer, but one needs a "jumper" to replenish plates.

Box lunches can be put up ahead of time, and served in a jiffy, with hot malted milk or cocoa, by a young host who is calm, poised, and happy in the assurance that all is ready and is good. He may tuck clever little surprises into each box if it's a party night. Box lunches are convenient for snacks after skating or square dance parties, or after treasure or scavenger hunts where the host comes in with the guests.

Gypsy meals are buffet style but are served direct from the stove, where hot things are kept hot on the simmer burner. Each person fills his own plate but returns to the dining room, or to a card table in the living room, or out on the lawn, to eat.

A smorgasbord supper is a delight to young and old alike. This is the buffet type meal with the emphasis on cheeses, pickled fish or meats, all arranged attractively for the guests, who pass around the table to fill their plates. If the cupboard is

fairly well stocked at all times, a smorgasbord can be prepared quickly. If the refrigerator has appropriate odds and ends, so much the better, and if the variety is generous, one need not worry if there isn't enough of each item to go around.

Decorate Home Style

Table arrangements are important, and something should be done to add the eye-appeal that all experienced cooks try to achieve. Collections, or parts of them, can be used to make unusual centerpieces if the items are small and artfully arranged. These lend importance to family hobbies and make conversation pieces. Flowers from Dad's garden in the summer, or Sister's African violets are naturals.

One family made an amusing centerpiece by using felt animals the mother had made in teaching arts and skills at a veterans' hospital. A huge multicolored candle can be made from odds and ends of candles, to provide a centerpiece extraordinary. Simply drop a heavy cotton string into the center of a cardboard mailing tube and fill it with melted wax of candle ends. A little imagination and attention to the table decorations will produce some remarkable results.

Singing Grace

Of all meals, this is the one at which to sing the blessing. It might well be one of the songs that any summer conference will know and be able to teach. For example,

For health and food and loving care,
We give Thee Thanks, O Lord.

or

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light,
For health and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

K.P.

Last, but believe me not least, comes the cleaning up. The kitchen should be left spotless. It's best if the person who does the heavy end of the meal preparation is excused from the washing up, or at least has the lighter side of it. It's clear away, rinse, stack, wash, dry, and back into the cupboard—with the radio going and everyone singing along with it.

Mission Accomplished

As soon as experience justifies it, have friends in to enjoy the good food and equally good fellowship. Take turns at choosing guests or have the whole gang in if there's enough advance preparation.

Perhaps when you say, "Bobby, Dave's bringing his girl home for Sunday night supper tonight. Would you like to make your super-stuffed franks for all of us?" the answer will be a joyful, "Sure, Mom!"

A lot depends upon Mom, as usual, and how well she has engineered the Sunday
(Continued on page 47.)



Grace for Thanksgiving

Thank God for golden sunshine
And welcome autumn rain,
They make the country blossom
And yield us fruit and grain.
Thank God for corn and pumpkins
For apples ripe and red;
Thank God for ample harvests
That people may be fed.
Thank God for strutting turkeys;
Thank God for golden wheat;
Thank God for nuts and raisins,
And all good things to eat!¹

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

Thanks

My thanks, dear Lord, to you I give
For everything that helps me live;
For health and food and parents dear,
For home of comfort, love and cheer;
For beauty of each bright new day;
For all the friends with whom I play;
For Heaven's stars of twinkling light
And for your care of me each night.

—EMILY MAY YOUNG

Thanksgiving Day

We thank You for playmates and laughter and song,
We thank You for sun, shining all the day long;
We thank You, dear Father, for work and for play,
On happy Thanksgiving Day.²

—MIRIAM DRURY

¹From *Juniors*. The Judson Press. Used by permission.

²From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. The Westminster Press. Used by permission.



RESOURCE

IN T

with You

THA

November brings thoughts of Thanksgiving brings thoughts of bountiful harvests and tables spread with good things to eat.

As you guide your child in thoughts and feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving, lead him to think of God's good gifts, other than food. For example, consider the rain and the important part it has in the growth of food. Persons, as well as plants and animals, are dependent upon water for life. That is part of God's plan.

Through conversation, reading and observation, explore with your child ways in which God has provided for his children to have homes, clothes and the things they need for a good life. Help them to see that it is

First Week—THANK YOU, GOD, FOR WATER

Bible Verses to Use

We give thanks to thee, O
God; we give thanks.—Psalm 75:1. (K)
O give thanks to the Lord,
for he is good.—Psalm 107:1. (P)
God . . . furnishes us with everything to enjoy.—1 Timothy 6:17. (P-J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"Grace for Thanksgiving." (J)
"God Made the Golden Sun." (P)
Rebus—PPB, 1st Yr., Fall Qr., p. 22. (P)

Prayer

Thank you, God, for water. We are glad that you made that a part of your wise plan. Amen.

Second Week—THANK YOU, GOD, FOR CLOTHES

Bible Verses to Use

The lambs will provide your clothing.—Proverbs 27:24. (K)

Repeat Bible verses used in First Week.

Poems and Songs to Use

"Thank You, God, Lord of All." (P)
"Coats"—MBL, No. 5. (K)
"We Thank Thee, Father, for Our Homes." (K)

Story to Use

"Billy's New Winter Coat."—MBL, No. 5. (K)

Prayer

We are glad for clothes to keep us warm in winter. Thank you for helping us know how to make them. Amen.

Third Week—THANK YOU, GOD, FOR HOMES

Bible Verses to Use

Repeat some of the Bible verses used previously.

WORSHIP

FAMILY

Children

GOD

at God's will that any should be hungry, cold and miserable. There are abundant resources for all. We have a responsibility to see that good use is made of these resources.

Suggestions for periods of worship are given on this page. You will want to choose the materials which fit your child, his needs and interests. You will probably have many ideas of your own. Perhaps you will want to study and enjoy the picture "The Angelus," by Millet.

The poems and prayers on this page have been included for your use in helping you and your children give thanks to God for his many good gifts.³

Poems and Songs to Use

"Thanks." (P-J)

Repeat some of the poems used previously.

Stories to Use

"A Time of Thanksgiving"—MBL, No. 7. (K)

"A Happy Thanksgiving"—MBL, No. 8. (K)

Prayers

"A Prayer for Home Things"—MBL, No. 8. (K)

Prayers—MBL, No. 7. (K)

Fourth Week—THANK YOU, GOD, FOR FOOD

Bible Verses to Use

It is good to give thanks to the Lord.—Psalm 92:1. (P)

Repeat some of the Bible verses used previously.

Poems and Songs to Use

"A Psalm of Praise"—Psalm 136:1-9, 26. (J)

"Thanksgiving Day." (K)

Thanksgiving Verses—JPB, 1st Yr., Fall Qr. (J)

Stories to Use

"In Everything Give Thanks"—JPB, 1st Yr., Fall Qr. (J)

"A Sharing Thanksgiving"—PPB, 2nd Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 23, 24. (P)

"Thanksgiving Day in Susan's Home"—MBL, No. 60. (K)

"Precious Things"—MBL, No. 6. (K)

"Thanks for Food"—HGL, No. 8. (N)

"Dicky's Apple Tree"—HGL, No. 7. (N)

Prayer

"A Mealtime Prayer"—HGL, No. 8.

Abbreviations used:

—Nursery (3-year-olds)
—Kindergarten (4-5 years)
—Primary (6-8)
—Junior (9-11)

HGL—Home Guidance Leaflet
MBL—My Bible Leaflet
PPB—Primary Pupil's Book
JPB—Junior Pupil's Book

Thank You, God, for All

Thank You, God, Lord of all—

For so many things:

For my dog and my cat—

For the bird that sings;

Thank You for my story books,

For the things I eat;

Thank you for the clothes I wear,

The shoes upon my feet;

Thank You, Father, for Your love—

For Mom's and Daddy's, too;

Thank you, Father, O so much—

That I'm near to You!

—ESTHER FRESHMAN

We Thank Thee, Father, for Our Homes

We thank Thee, Father, for our homes;

For friends who help each day;

For food we eat and clothes we wear;

For all the gifts Thy children share;

For work and rest and play.⁴

—ELIZABETH MCE. SHIELDS

God Made the Golden Sun

God made the golden sun,

The quiet silver rain,

The little winds that run and run

Across a field of grain;

Grass, and buds, and leaf uncurled;

Every growing thing:

God made the wide and lovely world.

I make a song, and sing!⁵

—MARY AMBLER MARSHALL

⁴From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

⁵From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

COUSIN TOM, the bachelor cat, knew that it would never do for all the animal children to be shut in dark tunnels of snow for days. But that is just what was happening to them, because the big blizzard had covered their little houses, and they could only burrow from one place to another down in the dark. And who likes to be away off by himself in the dark? Tom did not, and the Beaver brothers did not, and Flippy Squirrel just hated it. So it was up to Cousin Tom to shut his big yellow eyes and think up a good idea. And he did, too.

This was just about the best idea the cat cousin had ever had. He thought up a *snow submarine*!

Now Cousin Tom had a brand new trash can that he could not use for trash. The reason was that Cousin Tom had dropped the can on the way home from the hardware store, and it had rolled down Big Hill and landed upside down on a sharp rock. So the bottom was all bent out like an ice cream cone. The cat decided to use this can for his submarine.

He punched a hole in the can lid. Then he borrowed Patience Poodle's egg beater and made a little seat for himself with a berry box. Next he punched a hole above the seat and pushed a piece of iron pipe through it for a periscope—you know what a periscope is, one of those things you use to look around corners.

Now Cousin Tom was ready for his first ride. He climbed into the can, pulled the lid on behind him, sat on the little seat, and cranked away on the egg beater. My, how he did whizz along under the snow! He looked through the pipe and saw that he was near the home of Bing and Bong Bear. Another mighty crank on the egg beater, and Cousin Tom crashed right through the door of the Bear home.

"Kill it!" shouted Mr. Bear.

"Take that!" said Mrs. Bear as she banged on the can with her best broom.

"Oh, oh, oh!" shouted the Bear twins. "Is it a snow serpent? Will it bite?"

Poor Cousin Tom! The banging and shouting made his long

Ship ahoy—into Snowland!

*Can you find Cousin Tom
and his new submarine?*

ears hurt, and when he pushed the lid off and backed out, Mrs. Bear gave him an awful spank with the broom.

Of course everyone was sorry when they saw it was only Cousin Tom—sorry because they had been banging him.

"Well, Cousin Tom, what will you do next?" laughed Mr. Bear.

Of course the Bear boys had to have a ride. They found some berry boxes for seats and sat in

front of Cousin Tom. Mr. Bear kindly put the lid on and turned the submarine around so it would go out the door. A swish and away they went!

"What fun!" cried Bong.

"Let's go see Flippy," begged Bing.

Cousin Tom wanted to make the boys happy so he looked up through the periscope and steered with the egg beater toward the Squirrels' tree house. On the way they discovered something. They found out something by accident. Bing was trying to look up the pipe periscope when he fell off his box and bumped into Bong, and the two of them rolled into the front part of the submarine. Right away the submarine went down, down, down until it hit the ground under the snow. It stopped so suddenly that Cousin Tom was thrown off his seat and he fell into the front end with the Bear boys. What a tangle of legs and arms!

"Is that you or me, Bing?" asked Bong as he tugged at a paw.

"Ouch!" yelled Tom. "That's me!"

"Oh, what would Schoolteacher say to you, Cousin Tom? She makes us say, 'It is I.'"

"Yes, but Schoolteacher never gets tangled up with two bears," said the cat cousin.

This made the boys laugh, and then Cousin Tom laughed. After they were all through laughing,

(Continued on page 43.)



Mr. Quiet

and the

Polka-Dot Moon

By GENE MOORE

Do you think Alma was dreaming?

Or was she still awake when she saw him?

Perhaps you have seen him, too

IT WAS TIME for Alma Dale to go to sleep, and Mother had said the radio must be turned off. Alma missed the friendly chatter of the radio. The room seemed gloomy without it. What a pity Mother did not understand how much easier it was for her to go to sleep cheerfully listening to a play or some music! She closed her eyes as Mother had suggested, but they would not stay closed. She kept closing them, but they kept flying open. Finally she closed them and counted as far as she could count; then there was nothing to do but let them fly open again.

A very strange sight greeted this last opening. A small man no larger than Alma Dale herself sat on the window seat across the room from her bed. He was dressed in a silvery gray suit, and his coat had more buttons up the front than she could count. He was looking at her, and although she could not actually hear him, she knew he said, "Hello!"

She smiled and said "Hello" to him. Then she asked: "Are you an elf?"

"Indeed, no," said the little man in his strange silent speech. "My name is Quiet."

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Quiet," she said. "It was nice of you to come. I was getting very lonesome in here without the radio."

"I can't visit people who have their radios blasting away," said Mr. Quiet. "In fact, I can't visit anyone who insists upon having a racket. You would be surprised to know how few places there are for me to go any more. It makes me very sad."

"I suppose it does make one sad not being able to go everywhere," said Alma Dale, "but you are very welcome here. Please come as often as you like."

Suddenly she noticed a large silver polka dot in the window behind Mr. Quiet. It was the moon, and it matched the little man's suit so perfectly it looked



ILLUSTRATION BY CARMON V. LIVSEY

like part of his attire. She lay looking at the lovely picture, wishing she could keep it.

"I knew you would like my polka-dot moon," said Mr. Quiet as though he had heard her thinking. "I have many such things to show people who let me call on them."

"It is very strange, Mr. Quiet, that I never before saw the polka-dot moon in the window like that," said Alma Dale. "And why is it that you say things without speaking?"

"I help people to see with the mind and hear with the heart," said Mr. Quiet. "What they see and hear this way leads them to true and lasting happiness."

Alma Dale was getting very drowsy. "Thank you so much for coming, dear Mr. Quiet. I do hope you will come every evening. I'm afraid now that I am falling asleep."

"Yes," said Mr. Quiet, "so you are, but that is as it should be. There are dreams to be dreamed, and I came to help you find them. I am a good friend of the dream people. We work together to make the world a lovely place to live in. And now good night, Alma Dale. May your sweetest dreams come true."

It will make a jack-o'-lantern

Or a big Thanksgiving pie,

It's a big round yellow something;

You can guess it if you try.

—UNKNOWN



Junior, with the help of his Reading Book at home and the instructions of his teacher at church school, is familiar with the Bible. Here, as proud big brother, he is shown reading the Bible to his younger sister.

By FLORENCE B. LEE.

Mrs. Lee is the author of the new first-year junior materials and has had wide experience with juniors in her own church and as a teacher in laboratory training schools. Now a member of the executive board of the American Baptist Publication Society, she was formerly director of education at the First Baptist Church, Wichita, Kansas.

Introducing . . .

A READING BOOK

FOR JUNIORS

How much could you accomplish in one hour a week if you were studying mathematics, learning a foreign language, or studying the Bible? To supplement the brief class period at church school each week, Juniors will receive a booklet to use at home

CHARLES was excited as he came from the expanded session of the junior class to meet his family after the morning worship service. He carried the Bible which the church had given him when he was promoted from the Primary to the Junior Department, and also an attractive book with a picture on the cover showing Jesus teaching in the synagogue.

"Look, Mother, this is my new reading book. Miss Kerr gave it to me this morning. Everyone in our class got one," he said as he held the book out for his mother to see.

"What an attractive cover!" his father remarked.

"Why are you taking it home? I thought your quarterly was to use at church school," Mother said.

"Oh, didn't you know? This isn't a quarterly. We

don't have quarterlies in the Junior Department. We have large envelopes with study sheets in them to use at church school. This book is to keep and use at home. It has lots of things in it," Charles replied.

"Let me see," Helen, his younger sister, said as she reached for the book.

"No, you don't. It is mine to use," Charles said as he held the book tightly in his hand. "You are too little to understand it. Miss Kerr said it was written especially for us."

"Would you mind if I looked at it for a moment?" Father asked.

Charles handed the book to his father, who turned slowly through the pages. "Here is a poem that we might read together, and a prayer to use at the table," he remarked. "I think there are some things in it that Helen could understand and enjoy. Of course, you would have to read them to her, Charles."

"Miss Kerr told us there is a story in it about some boys who had a secret code verse. She said that if we use our Bibles and do what the book says we can find out what the secret code verse is. Father, will you help me this afternoon?" Charles asked.

"I still don't quite understand about the book," Mother explained. "You said this is not a quarterly

and you don't have to take it to church school each Sunday."

"This is my reading book for home. The teacher said it will help us to use our Bibles, to worship, and to learn more about God and Jesus. She said it will help us learn right ways to live, too. Just think, Mother, when I am through the Junior Department, I will have a library of twelve reading books," explained Charles, who is typical of the children in the first-year junior class of his church school.

The reading book Charles brought home is a part of the graded curriculum only recently published for use in the church and home. An attractive book of forty-eight pages, it contains illustrations, full-page pictures, hymns, suggestions for Bible reading and study, stories, poems, and worship materials. In fact, throughout it gives evidence of much careful planning and preparation. It is a book filled with beauty in its art work, and beauty in the ideals it expresses and in the action it presents. It is a book that any child should be proud to own and use.

The purpose of the book is to help home and church work together in guiding the junior's Christian growth. The church school, if it must work alone, cannot do the most worth-while job of guiding the Christian growth of boys and girls. It greatly needs the help of boys and girls. It needs the help of the home, the most potent influence in the life of any child. Parents must therefore assume their share of responsibility in training their children in Christian thinking, feeling, and doing. To help them in their task the church is now providing more adequate and more useful materials, and the new junior reading book is one example.

The junior is to keep and use his book at home. By the time he completes the third year in the Junior Department, he will, as Charles said, have a library of twelve reading books. Each book reinforces the church school materials for one quarter. It should also supplement and strengthen the experiences which a pupil has in his church school class. Tailored to meet his interests, needs, and growth, it speaks directly to him in words that he can understand. Besides, it is intended to give an intensive, everyday emphasis on religion. Far too often the Bible and religious experiences are related only to Sunday. But by using the new book and the Bible during the week, the junior child will come to know and

feel that religion is a part of everyday living, and not something to set aside for one day in seven.

Reading this book will acquaint him with some of the great Bible stories, poems of beauty and worth, biographical sketches of Bible characters and missionaries, and devotional materials that will inspire and lead to worship. It will acquaint him with the beginning of the early church and the work which his brotherhood carries on through its missionary outreach. Of course, not all types of material are to be found in each reading book, but over the span of a year, the junior pupil will have entered into a larger world of experience through his reading.

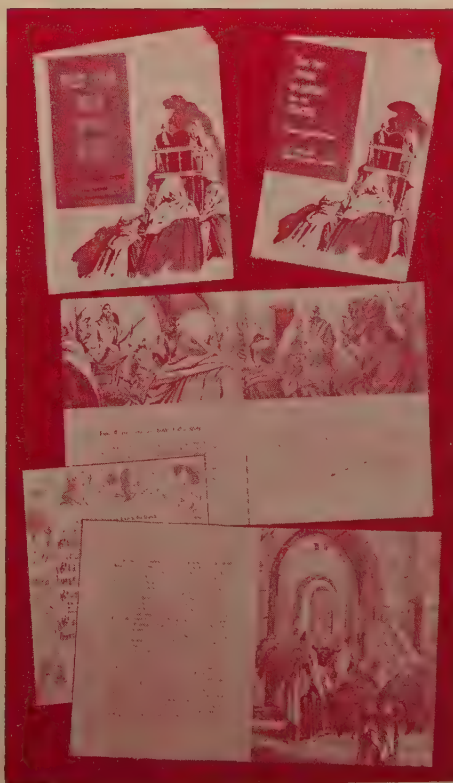
As the juniors use their reading books and follow suggestions for finding and studying Bible stories and verses, memorizing Bible passages, and learning about Bible truths and principles for living, they will begin to feel that the Bible is a living book. They will grow in their ability to use it to meet their needs; their appreciation for the Bible will deepen.

Parents will discover, as they use the book with their child, that they have much to do with determining its value, use, and importance in the home. The materials in the books are arranged in units. From the *Message to Parents* fathers and mothers may know what the units and the Bible materials are for each session in the church school. There they will also find suggestions of ways in which they may use the book with their children. They may read portions of it aloud. This friendly, shared experience

promotes fellowship and refreshment of body and spirit. Reading together as a family will give children something to remember, something to hold on to. How wonderful it is when the material which is read aloud is of religious significance and a part of the church school work carried on in the home!

Parents should remember that availability is often the key to children's reading. If a child is encouraged to keep his book and Bible in a convenient, special place at home, he may easily find them at all times.

There are many suggestions and materials in the book which parents may use or ask their children to share with them in family worship. Children will find joy and satisfaction as their books become a part of family reading and experiences, bringing to all worth-while moments and shared experiences.



a home for the not-so-youngsters

O Semi-Centenarians, if Fortune has not come "with both hands full," then with uncommon common sense seize the present to plan for the future. Here's pertinent information

BY EMALENE WARK

THE AVERAGE American now lives to be more than seventy years old, a life expectancy twenty years longer than it was in 1900. No one needs to dread his declining years if he will keep in mind what Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Age is a state of mind. Even the most tired body can house an active mind that enjoys the simple pleasures of everyday living. The advantage that age has over youth is that it can take time to slow down long enough to corner a part of each day for its own. Knowing that his days are limited, the older person savors each, like the last drops of coffee in a cup, and by becoming engrossed in its taste, he may actually prolong his life.

People over sixty-five have two basic needs that have nothing whatever to do with religion, social background, or their station in life. They must feel wanted, and they must keep busy.

The Cincinnati Baptist Church Union has met these requirements

by establishing a home at 2397 Harrison Avenue.¹ In 1946 they purchased the Oskamp property, consisting of a buff brick mansion, two tenant houses, a barn, some outbuildings, and farm equipment. From the trolley bus stop, one follows a winding driveway up to the spacious porch. Once inside the sitting room, he feels "at home." A center table holds magazines and a vase of real flowers. There are comfortable chairs and couches, a grandfather's clock, a piano, and a television set. These are for the use of the twenty-three women and two men who have come together from varied backgrounds to live their remaining days in peace, with no worries about what to cook for dinner, or how to get the work done in the house or yard.

A door to the left opens into the matron's office. Mrs. Rose, a grandmother herself, has supervised the home since it began. Her desk is piled high with work, but she is never too busy to stop

¹The Lenoir Home, Columbia, Mo., provides similar facilities, under the sponsorship of the Disciples of Christ.

to chat with those who stick their heads in the open doorway to peek into the mailboxes on the wall and ask, "Any mail for me?" She is often interrupted to taste a dish cooking in the kitchen, for the home serves well-balanced meals, with the emphasis on variety so that in the course of a week everyone will be satisfied.

"We have no rules or regulations here," she smiles. "Not even a pay telephone. The phone is for general use, because we feel that this is a home, not an institution."

The guests even buy flower seeds to plant in the yard. They want their home to make the best possible appearance for visitors, as well as for themselves to enjoy.

Besides gardening, the women like reading, sewing (some of them make all their own clothes), shopping in town, and attending church services. A car comes every Sunday from the nearest Baptist church and takes them to the morning worship service. Once a month women from various churches bring homemade

coffee cake to eat with coffee brewed at the home, while they visit with the guests. Sometimes a pastor brings a projector and shows motion pictures. Birthday parties are celebrated every month, when the "kids" wear colored paper hats, enjoy favors, ice cream and cake, and sometimes perform stunts to amuse each other. Some of them like to watch television, while others hark back to the old-fashioned singing of hymns around the piano. Although their interests vary, the men and women all agree that three subjects are of vital importance: mail, food, and politics—and in that order. They follow election campaigns, and those who cannot go to the polls themselves are taken in private cars.

Happy that they do not have to demand too much from their families, these people are enjoying community living with those whose problems (and solutions) are similar to theirs.

Below are some of the questions which may arise in the minds of people who are consider-

ing entering such a home within the next few years:

1. *What are the requirements for admission to the Baptist Home and Center of Cincinnati?*

You must be sixty-five and be able to qualify as to need, health, character and financial status.

2. *What are the financial requirements?*

You must make a down-payment of \$500, which pays room rent for life. Thereafter, you must pay your per capita share of the actual current expenses, such as salaries, food, light, heat, etc.

3. *About how much is the monthly payment?*

It has remained at \$65 per month ever since the opening of the Home.

4. *Is absolute good health a requirement for admission?*

No. We take persons with chronic illnesses providing they are not unable to care for themselves or not likely to become unable to do so in the near future.

5. *Does the Home have its own doctor?*

There is no doctor on the staff as a salaried physician, but there is a man we call when our guests have no other preference. We have a 6-bed hospital (not always filled). Our nurses give the sick special attention.

6. *Is admission restricted to Baptists?*

No.

7. *Will I be required to remain in the home constantly?*

No. Residents have the same freedom of movement that they would have in their own home.

8. *Could I have a single room?*

Probably not, at first. Single rooms are reserved for present residents who wish to move from double rooms. Incoming residents then take the places thus vacated.

9. *Is there a long waiting list?*

Yes, but this continually changes because of rejections and deaths or because applicants become disabled or make other arrangements before their names reach the head of the list.

On the general subject of enjoying old age, there are several pamphlets obtainable which are

A view of the dining hall while some of the residents in the home are enjoying the capers of Donald Duck. For these not-so-youngsters, sharing old age does not seem to be difficult.



interesting reading for every adult at any age:

"When You Grow Older," by George Lawton and Maxwell S. Stewart. Public Affairs Committee, 22 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York 16, New York. 31 pages, 20 cents.

"Live Long and Like It," by C. Ward Crampton, M.D. Public Affairs Committee (see address above). 32 pages, 20 cents. Common sense discussion of how to maintain good health.

"Community Action for the Aging: Aid to Program Planning." New York State Association of Councils of Social Agencies, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York 10, New York.

Constructive Programs for the Mental Health of the Elderly, by Frederic D. Zeman, M.D. National Association for Mental Health, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York. 15 cents.

All in the Family

By Harold Helfer

The new increase in withholding taxes is no worry to Arthur A. Delmonico, Moosup, Connecticut. Less than a week after the boost went into effect, his wife gave birth to triplets.

All nine sons of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin A. Leland, of Stoneham, Massachusetts, were in military service. Two sons were killed in action during World War II.

Mrs. Margarie Newsom, Memphis, Tenn., is the mother of three sets of twins, ages 8, 5 and 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Orr, of Newton, Massachusetts, both have nonagenarian mothers living. Mr. Orr's mother, Mrs. Angie Orr, is 94. Mrs. Orr's mother, Mrs. Clara Lampmon, is 95.

Sidney Cook, Minneapolis, celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday and his wife, Nona, her twenty-fifth, but this time the Cooks couldn't celebrate together. Mrs. Cook was in the hospital giving birth to a son.

Paul H. Palmer, Jr., of Marion, Massachusetts, was born on his father's birthday, and his sister Paula was born on their mother's birthday.

White is the traditional color of mourning in Korea. Since it is worn for three years for close relatives, Korean families are in mourning much of the time.

It would take a mighty big place for a family reunion of all of 89-year-old William F. Christel's descendants. The birth of his one hundredth great-grandchild brought the total to 189. Besides 100 great-grandchildren, there are 13 children, 75 grandchildren and 1 great-great-grandchild. Mr. Christel lives in Valders, Wisconsin.

Expenses for birthday cakes are held to a minimum in the Raymond Arnold household in Clinton, Illinois. All three Arnold children were born on November 27—two years apart.

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GIVE . . .

Scrapbooks

FOR

Christmas



"If there are any more of these
in my pack, I won't get home
tonight."

*Tailored to fit each recipient's
tastes, these gifts are sure to
please. What is more, as a
family project they are fun
to make*

SCRAPBOOKS with personal-
ity make appreciated and
cherished Christmas gifts. They
also serve as interesting proj-
ects for family groups to work
on, especially when the weather
keeps the children inside the
house.

First we decide who is to get
one of our scrapbooks. Then we
find out that person's interests,
hobbies, and favorite colors.
This information usually gives
us ideas for the gift, and makes
the work as interesting and
varied as are the people who re-
ceive them.

The pages of our scrapbooks
are made of heavy construction
paper in the recipient's favorite
colors. The children spend lots
of time thinking up clever ideas
for the cover. The person who
receives the scrapbook must feel
that the book was made especial-
ly for him or her.

For an aunt who likes to make
patchwork quilts we collected de-
signs and patterns for quilts and

them into a scrapbook. The
cover was a patchwork quilt
square made of cotton percale
in her favorite colors of white,
lavender, and deep purple.
Auntie was not only amazed, but
deeply touched that the children
had remembered her quilting
hobby. And, of course, she ap-
preciated the many new ideas.

For an uncle who is an invalid
we gathered cartoons from cur-
rent magazines. And for a teen-
aged cousin who likes to do
crossword puzzles we made a col-
lection from various magazines
and newspapers. These gave
him many happy hours.

Any good cook will appreciate
a scrapbook containing regional
recipes or the favorites collected
from among her friends and
signed by them.

One year we saved some of our
first-grader's most representa-
tive work. We put these draw-
ings, first attempts at writing,
etc., into a scrapbook for Grand-
mother, who lives in a distant
state. This, we later found out,
was one of her favorite Christ-
mas gifts that year, and she
showed off her grandchild's
work to everyone who came.

If you live at some distance
from grandparents, close rela-
tives, and old friends, family
scrapbooks are lots of fun to
make and receive. The scrap-
book can represent your family's

activities for that year. Include
snapshots of the children, the
pets, a scrap of the material
from Susie's graduation dress,
and perhaps a joke that tickled
the family funny bone. You
can also include each person's
favorite Bible verse, and per-
haps a line or two from a favor-
ite poem. List some of the books
you and your children have en-
joyed that year, and any other
items you think might be inter-
esting news. Any grandparent
or family friend will be pleased
to receive a scrapbook of this
kind. It's just like getting to-
gether for a friendly visit.

This is a Christmas project
you can thoroughly enjoy with
your children. Not only have
our scrapbooks brought happi-
ness to our relatives and friends
at Christmas, but they have
given us pleasure the whole year
round while we worked on them.
As the children collected items
for the various scrapbooks, they
picked up lots of interesting in-
formation as well as ideas for
hobbies of their own. And they
have had an opportunity to think
of the likes and interests of oth-
ers—a pleasant lesson in thought-
fulness they will long remember.

In the end, these truly Christ-
mas gifts, lovingly and thought-
fully made, prove in thought
and deed that "it is more blessed
to give than to receive."

The Clue

ELSA GLANCED out the window as she slowly dried the morning dishes. Summer sunshine filtered through the ruffled curtains, and a cool breeze lifted them and filled their folds. As she put away the last damp tea towel her plans for the summer went through her mind and brought back an ever-recurring feeling of satisfaction when she thought of all she and Ardell had accomplished for their family; of Sue, their eldest, away as camp counselor; Jim helping his father on the milk truck; Dirk and Joan, the twins, just nine this spring, busy now on the back porch with experiments in vinegar and soda. The cheerful blend of their voices fell harmoniously into the pattern of her thoughts. For a moment the golden spell of the morning held her, and gratefully she paused from her work to appreciate its benediction.

She was just taking out the sprinkling bottle and eyeing the heaping basket of ironing when the sound of tires grating on the gravel in the driveway interrupted her. Reluctantly, she went to the door hoping that the call would be short as she mentally reviewed her well-ordered morning. Disappointment surged through her as she recognized the car. It surely couldn't be Helen—but it was—and little Mike and Sylvia with her. In a flash she remembered their last visit. Even yet she had to force herself to make allowances for the fact that Mike and Sylvia were only three and four years old. And it was still difficult to be tolerant when she thought of the new lamp they had recklessly tipped over, its ruined shade and warped base. But Helen was so young and irresistibly friendly and gay-hearted that she managed a pleasant smile as she went to greet them.

"Elsa, I just had to see you!" Helen exclaimed. "We're moving into the new house next month, and I need all kinds of ideas about colors and so forth. I've always said you know more about that than any ten people. . . ." Elsa's touch of grimness melted at Helen's warmhearted admiration and the twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Come on in," Elsa heard herself saying. "We'll have coffee and work out some plans." Helen rushed on, "You can't imagine how fast it's all been done. We had no idea we could move in so soon. Now look, you kids—" Helen turned to Mike and Sylvia, hanging from opposite sides of the brass knob on the front door. "I've told them I'd blister them if they so much as touched a thing here this time, and they know I mean it."

Elsa's heart sank a little as she quickly considered ideas that might appeal to them. She thought of Dirk and Joan oblivious to all other sounds, still finishing their experiments on the back porch.

"Dirk, Joan," she called, "Mike and Sylvia are here, and Helen and I will be busy. Can you take them for a little walk to the playground?"

"They've been making scientific experiments this morning, Helen," Elsa explained to her friend, "and it's been wonderful fun."

The twins bobbed out the door; they came running to greet Helen, Joan's red pigtails flying. Joan swooped to embrace Mike and Sylvia, while Dirk hung back, squinting and pushing back his felt beanie.

"How long should we stay, Mom?" asked Joan, taking the hands of the two small children.

"Just about an hour or so, and be careful!"

HELEN WATCHED as they turned the corner to the playground. "The twins are such good kids. Goodness, it doesn't seem possible that Mike and Sylvia will ever reach the time when I can trust them with *anything*." Helen frowned, momentarily thoughtful. "It does seem that they get into so much—well—stuff. But then, kids are kids, so what's the difference!" Helen's usual good nature immediately dispelled her doubts, and she launched once more, enthusiastically into plans for the new home. But Elsa listened with only part of her mind as they went into the house; the expression "kids are kids" kept threading through her thoughts. There was something about the casual dismissal it evidenced that made her alternately angry and sad. Helen didn't really mean to be indifferent; she loved Mike and Sylvia dearly, but somehow it was as though she expected them to grow up just because they had to and there wasn't much she could do about it.

Helen was rambling on, ". . . now the corner of the living room near the fireplace is our special spot, and I just can't think what to get in the way of coverings for the cushions that will match those new drapes I've finished." Helen took out samples of materials as Elsa turned the heat on under the coffeepot and went to get her file of clippings on household furnishings. The two women were soon engrossed in another world of color and fabric, but Elsa still felt the unpleasant undercurrent of "kids are just kids," and though she thrust the thought far back in her mind she felt uneasy. An hour soon slipped by, and the children came banging through the back porch.

Hurriedly Elsa got up, "I'll get cookies and milk for them, Helen. They'll be so hungry and it's almost time for lunch."

"Now, Elsa, don't bother." Helen was gathering sample materials together as she spoke. "We'll leave right away. It was just swell of the twins to do that, and I have to get home anyway. Besides . . ."

Some families who have special treasures

of comradeship, fun, and the "know-

how" for family living, realize

these treasures are theirs

not to have but to give

Helen's voice trailed off as the sound of crunching paper and vigorous yells broke the peace of the morning. Mike's voice came first, "It's mines, mines, mines. I saw it first!"

"Oh, no!" Sylvia was screaming, "I want to fly. Please, Mike!" But it was too late, for Elsa knew that Jim's precious model airplane was demolished—the plane Jim and his dad had worked on so long. Helen had rushed out to the porch already, and Elsa followed more slowly, dreading the embarrassing apologies. She could only feel a self-righteous wrath that swept completely over her.

To break the tide of anger, she stooped to pick up the broken pieces. In shocked silence the twins stood and looked at each other while Helen looked helplessly at Elsa and then at Sylvia and Mike. For the first time in all the years Elsa had known Helen, she seemed perfectly quiet. Elsa waited, expecting the angry tirade that usually followed these episodes, but it did not come. Surprised, she glanced up to see tears in Helen's eyes as she reached down and took Mike's little fat hand. Without a word she led the two children to the car.

The wave of anger completely washed away, Elsa straightened up slowly with one thought—she couldn't just let them go off this way. She started out the door, the twins running ahead, but Helen had already started the car out the driveway.

"Wait a minute, Helen," Elsa cupped her hands to her mouth. The car hesitated and then stopped.



Elsa waited, expecting the angry tirade that usually followed these episodes, but it did not come.

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GROUT

"Don't feel bad, Helen," Elsa began, coming over to the car, and then paused groping for more words, but nothing she could think of seemed to have much meaning. Helen was staring ahead of her, and Mike and Sylvia in the back seat, for once subdued, looked at her solemnly with large blue eyes.

Helen began in the middle of her thoughts. "It wouldn't be so bad, Elsa, if I seemed to be getting
(Continued on page 38.)



Thanksgiving Fun

By IRENE DACUS



*First stuffed turkey,
Then stuffed guests;
A ten-minute pause
While everyone rests.
Table cleared,
And dishes done;
Now it's time
To have some fun!*

WHETHER it has been a gathering of the clan, or a group of friends who have come to celebrate the day with you and join in giving thanks for our many blessings, you can be sure that young and old alike will enjoy a little planned entertainment to finish the day. Give each guest a Thanksgiving tally, and impress upon them all that from now on they must work and earn whatever they get.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Get your guests comfortably seated. Distribute pencils and sheets of paper, on which the words "Thanksgiving Day" have been written. Then have them form as many words as they can from the letters in those two words. Score them according to the number of words each is able to write, the largest list, of course, getting the highest score. And don't forget to enter the scores on the tally cards.

CAKE WALK.—Now they are ready for something more active. Have each guest, in turn, carry

a moistened bar of soap on a knife from one end of the room to the other, depositing it on a plate when he reaches his goal. He must not use his hands to keep the soap on the knife. You might spread newspapers along the route to protect your rug, should the soap be dropped. If the soap is dropped it must be picked up with the knife, and the player must resume his course. Write 100 if he completes the course without dropping the soap; deduct 10 each time the soap is dropped.

ON MY WAY I SAW.—Get your guests seated once more, and give each a slip of paper on which is written something which he will tell you he saw on the way to your party. Have the slips numbered and passed around in order. Number One starts the game by saying, "On my way here I saw" and reads from his paper. Then Number Two repeats Number One's words, and adds those he finds written on his piece of paper, and so on until every guest has had his turn. Number One ends the game by repeating the entire list of things in their proper order. Make the objects written on the slips of paper tongue-twisters, or use alliteration to add to the fun. The following are a few suggestions: a lady's lazy lap dog; two plump partridges; three great gray elephants; four funny furry bun-

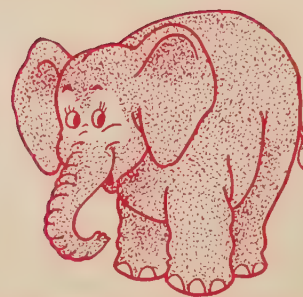
nies; five fine-feathered flamingoes; six seasick sailors; seven swans a-swimming; eight giddy geese; nine merchants going to Bagdad; ten tasty teacakes; eleven elegant ermine coats; twelve queer green persimmons.

NUTS.—Now, up and at 'em again. Divide guests into two teams facing each other. On the floor before the first player in each line place five English walnuts. At the "go" signal, the first player stoops, picks up the walnuts in one hand, and passes them to his next neighbor, each using but one hand in the process. The Number Two player then passes them on to the next person. When the end of the line is reached, the walnuts are passed back until they reach the leader. If a player drops any of the nuts he must pick them up with the hand which holds the other nuts. The members of the team finishing first get a score of 100, the others 75.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?—If the party is a fairly large one, or if your guests are not too well acquainted, it is a lot of fun to have them try this game. Have one guest start by stating his full name, first, middle and last names, or as many given names as he may have. The next person repeats the first one's name in full, and adds his own; the third repeats the first two

(Continued on page 44.)

Animal Fare



By Helen Houston Boileau

*In farmyard, circus, park or
zoo, children love animals.*

*And now, for fun at home,
here's an animal party*

COWBOYS and space patrol miracles are highly favored interests among youngsters today, but plain animals never entirely lose their appeal. Remember this when planning your next children's party, and you will find that "beastly" affairs can be successful and fun.

There are any number of animal games, old favorites and new variations. An **African Animal Hunt** makes use of the eternally popular treasure hunt idea. Have each youngster draw the name of one animal, then launch a hunt for hidden animal crackers. Each child must collect only his particular animal. When he discovers other animals, he must leave them hidden. The young hunter who first bags twelve of his animals wins the prize—a small animal figurine or trophy.

Old favorites like **Pin the Tail on the Donkey**, **Animal Lotto**, and **What Animal Am I?** charades are still top favorites with children. If you want something a little different, however, try this.

Animal Lasso.—Give each child a small square of plain cloth, a large needle and heavy thread (the lasso). Choose some animals; then have each child draw an outline and stitch his conception of this animal onto the cloth.

Give small animal figurine prizes for the funniest, most realistic, etc.

Animal Roundup.—Here is a good indoor game. Give each child a blunt pair of scissors and a magazine drawn from a pile. Have a race to see who can discover, cut out and corral the most animal pictures in a given time. Again, a prize for the best collection.

Animal Statues.—Spread a table with a protective covering; then in the center, place a collection of dried fruits, marshmallows, toothpicks, pipe cleaners, etc., and see what hilarious little animal creatures the youngsters can create.

Refreshments will also be in the animal theme. Use a large, animal-shaped cookie cutter to cut animal figures from slices of chocolate **ice cream**. (The surplus cut away can be refrozen

for the family supper.) Serve these ice cream animals accompanied by cupcakes, each topped with an upright animal cracker standing in a field of green tinted coconut on green frosting.

Make **animal candies** by pressing soft fondant into the split and well oiled halves of ten-cent-store plastic or celluloid animals. Allow the candy to harden before removing it from the molds.

For a **centerpiece**, pack a large square cake pan or box with green grass or shredded green paper; then place animal figurines in this pasture. Or make a circus, with caged animals inside a bamboo cage. For a Noah's Ark that also carries out the animal idea, construct a simple cardboard ark, and add pairs of animal crackers.

With these ideas, your animal party is almost certain to be a "howling" success!

THE GOLDEN RULE IN TEN RELIGIONS

Buddhism. Hurt not others with that which pains yourself.

Christianity. All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Confucianism. Is there any one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life? Surely the maxim of loving-kindness is such—Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you.

Hebraism. What is hurtful to yourself do not to your fellow man. That is the whole of the Torah and the remainder is but commentary. Go learn it.

Hinduism. This is the sum of duty: do naught to others which if done to thee, would cause thee pain.

Islam. No one of you is a believer until he loves for his brother what he loves for himself.

Jainism. In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, we should regard all creatures as we regard our own self, and should therefore refrain from inflicting upon others such injury as would appear undesirable to us if inflicted upon ourselves.

Sikhism. As thou deemest thyself so deem others. Then shalt thou become a partner in heaven.

Taoism. Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain: and regard your neighbor's loss as your own loss.

Zoroastrianism. That nature only is good when it shall not do unto another whatever is not good for its own self.

The Clue

(From page 35.)

somewhere with them, but it does seem a long time until they'll be out of this stage." She started the motor again, "We'll have to be going."

Elsa searched for more words but found herself only saying, "Come back soon and we'll work out some more ideas." The car backed out and was gone while the twins stood on the sidewalk waving.

HALFHEARTEDLY Elsa went back to the house to fix lunch. The three ate quietly, and Elsa felt thankful that at least Ardell and Jim would not be home until evening. The twins consumed large glasses of milk and sandwiches with their usual appetites, but Elsa wearily ate half her lunch and pushed the rest away, waiting for the twins to finish. Dirk ate slowly but Joan jumped up. "Mom, can we be excused? You said we could go to the pool at breakfast this morning."

Elsa roused from her reverie, "Why, yes, but you'll both have to do the dishes together. You can leave as soon as dishes are done."

"Aw, Mom, do we have to?" began Dirk, but the look from his mother settled his doubts, and they quickly set about clearing the dishes as Elsa once more took down the sprinkling bottle and brought the ironing out to the service porch. The broken pieces of airplane still lay scattered on the floor. She looked at them, wishing that somehow she could just turn the clock back to the morning again and redeem the loveliness of the way the day had begun. She took down the broom and slowly swept together the broken plane. It simply couldn't be glued back in any usable way, and she hated to think of telling Jim tonight. Still the rush of anger she had felt that morning did not come back, and as she dumped the pieces of balsa and paper in the wastebasket, her thoughts turned back to Helen.

Suddenly it became clear to her that what troubled her far more than the broken plane was the problem Helen had with the two children. She looked back on her experiences with her own children, seeking for the clue that she knew must be there. But she had always been fortunate in having plenty of room and she thought regretfully of the three years Helen had had to spend in Chicago, crammed into tiny apartments with no yard while John had completed his degree. It hadn't been the right place to start a family, and now that John had finally been able to get back here they had started their house and were crowded in with John's parents until the new home could be built.

She deftly dampened and rolled clothes as she reviewed all this in her mind, but her heart was still heavy; then in an instant a plan came clearly into focus. There *was* something she could do, and she wondered why it had never occurred

to her before. The ironing was sprinkled now, and she could easily start it early tomorrow morning. She hastened to the kitchen and hurriedly hunted paper and pencil. Sitting at the desk in the hallway she outlined her plan and made lists. The twins were just trudging up the driveway as she completed the last one. Supper would have to be started, so she shoved the plans aside; if she hurried a little, there would be time to start to-night.

THE FAMILY soon drifted in, and as they finished dessert, Elsa began, "Helen and the children stopped by this morning." Ardell and Jim looked up as Dirk and Joan chorused with mutual feelings of disgust, "Yes, and you just ought to see—"

"I can't wait," said Jim. "What'd the little brats do this time?" Dirk and Joan were suddenly silent, first looking at each other and then at their mother, each wishing they had said nothing.

"Well, what's the matter?" questioned Jim, looking around the silent table.

"They broke your model airplane, Jim," replied his mother quietly. Ardell's steady brown eyes met his wife's hazel ones in a long gaze as Jim exploded angrily, "Oh, no! Mom! You know I wanted to enter that plane in the contest this year!" Jim bit his lip and looked out the window.

"Jim, I would have put it up out of their reach, but I just didn't get there quickly enough."

Elsa looked at Ardell, who pushed back his chair saying, "Jim, we'll still have time to make another. I guess maybe we're lucky at that. We might try that new plan we wanted to."

Jim was silent and then stood up, and Elsa thought with quick pride how much he was like his father. "That's okay, Dad, maybe we could, and I know it's not your fault, Mom. Think I'll go upstairs now."

"Well, I'd hoped maybe we'd all have a minute together in the living room." Elsa put an arm around Jim. "I had an idea, and perhaps we can work it out tonight. Let's just clear the dishes and all sit down."

LATER, AS THEY were all seated in the living room Ardell began, "What's the idea, Mother?"

"It's about Helen—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" interrupted Jim. "I just hope you're going to say we'll never let them in the door again!"

THANKSGIVING PUZZLE

(From page 12.)

Solution: "Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving."—Psalm 147:7.

"Before we decide that," said Elsa, "let me tell you a little more about Helen that maybe we'd all forgotten. I felt the same way, Jim, until I remembered." And she reviewed briefly the story of Helen's problems. Ardell was picking up the lists and reading as she talked.

When she finished, Jim was still listening with head bent, "I know, Mom, but what's all that to us?"

"Well, first I'd thought we'd plan a special place for small children when we do have them as company," explained Elsa. "We have a lot of things for small children up in the attic that Dirk and Joan haven't used for years. We can put them in toy boxes and fix up part of the service porch for play space."

"Oh, that'll be fun to do," said Joan.

"But, here's the harder part," began her mother again. "I thought maybe we could have Mike and Sylvia over two or three hours every weekday morning to play and give Helen a chance she's needed for a long time to do things for herself."

Jim groaned, "Isn't that going a little too far, Mom? I'm locking my stuff in my room."

"That'll be fine, Jim, if you wish," replied his father, "but here's what your mother means—Jim, and Dirk and Joan, too: some people have never had the chance you've had. Here's your opportunity to help somebody who really needs it. Right, Mother?"

Elsa smiled at him, "Sue'll be back next week and can help with the play time. It won't be baby sitting; we'll have to *teach* Mike and Sylvia to play."

A month had passed with the new schedule going almost smoothly now. The days were turning toward fall, and the newly fallen leaves broke crisply under the tread of little feet going up and down the yard. Helen's car swung into the driveway.

"Hi, Mommy," came Mike's and Sylvia's voices together. "Come here, Mommy, and just see our great big leaf house!" Elsa stepped out the back door as Helen got out of the car.

"Oh, that's a wonderful big house!" Helen reached down for Sylvia with welcoming arms and swung her up for a quick hug. "Elsa, we're really moving in Monday and you know how glad we are! We'll be taking our kiddies back then, too." She paused and then went on, "John and I were talking last night about this thing you've done for us. We'd never realized how much fun children could be, and we think we have a little of your magic recipe now to begin with in our new home. You haven't any idea how we've appreciated it."

Elsa didn't answer for a moment and then finally said, "I was just glad we could do it, Helen."

Their eyes met with that warmth that only friendship knows, and to Elsa came the surging realization that this treasure she had thought of as belonging just to their family was theirs not to have, but to give.

STUDY GUIDE

on "Music in the Home"

By MR. and MRS. M. DALE HUMBERT

— Study Article, page 14

I. Advance Preparation

1. Assign a person to report on the article, "Music in the Home."
2. Have the people in your discussion group read the article before your meeting.
3. Ask a family in your group to have a "songfest" in their home and to give a report on it at the meeting.
4. Make your own discussion outline to follow (for the leader only).
5. Plan a brief "songfest" to be used as the climax of the meeting. Have a pianist, song leader, plenty of music, and a list of songs to be sung. The group may want to select additional songs as your program develops.

II. Some Important Principles

1. Music has always been closely associated with religion.
 - a) It appeals to the emotions and provides a way of expressing them.
 - b) It helps people to draw closer together.
 - c) It helps give information about religion.
2. Principles for selecting suitable songs:
 - a) Children can learn to like "good" songs.
 - b) Good songs teach true ideas within children's understanding.
 - c) Good songs have literary value, are good poetry.
 - d) Good songs have musical value and fitness.
 - e) Good songs are within the range of children's voices.
3. Parents should make use of the songs and music in the home leaflets and books of the church school.
4. Definite times for family songs and enjoyment of music are helpful.

III. Suggestions for a Discussion Outline

1. Why is music a wholesome release from sorrow and the burdens of life?
2. Do most families have their sorrows and heavy burdens?
3. Is there a difference between the ways Christian families meet these difficulties and the ways non-Christians meet their troubles?
4. What is meant by "Magic in Music"?
5. Why do we not have much singing and playing of instruments included in our modern program of family life?
6. Should we allow radio, record playing, TV to crowd out this creative music in the family circle?

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories of Thanksgiving may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Another Story Shop*, by Mary C. Odell. This book and other books of stories may be secured from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Favors and place cards for the Thanksgiving table may be made. Suggestions are given in such books as *Here's How and When* by Armilda Keiser and *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming. Sometimes suggestions are included in the primary and junior story papers.

Direct Games. Games appropriate for all ages and for both large and small groups are included in the book *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin. Other books of games may be borrowed from the public library.

7. How does it promote family unity and harmony to sing and play together?

8. For what age groups are these songs suitable?

"Home on the Range."

"Every Morning Seems to Say, 'There's Something Happy on the Way.'"

"All Through the Night."

"Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam."

"'Are Ye Able,' Said the Master."

"We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder."

"The Heavens Are Telling."

9. Would you discard the simple gospel hymns from the church and use only the stately, dignified hymns?

10. How would you classify the following hymns as to their poetry and music value: "Brighten the Corner," "In the Garden," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," "The Church's One Foundation," "Fairest Lord Jesus"?

11. Would better music in the home and the Bible school make these institutions more attractive?

12. Would you like to have a songfest right now? If so, let's sing!

IV. Resources

The Whole World Singing, by Edith Lowell Thomas. Songs of praise and work and joy of many lands.

The Little Golden Book of Nursery Songs.

The Little Golden Book of Hymns.

Songs for Primary Children.

Songs for Junior Children.

When the Little Child Wants to Sing. For 4- and 5-year-olds.

Sing Sociability Songs. For homes, communities, and schools; 128 pages of songs of all types.

Thanksgiving Day

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

Thank God that by our cheerful fire
I have the height of my desire
—To see the light of gladness move
Deep in the eyes of those I love.

Thank God that on this blessed day,
Whose hours so swiftly pass away,
There fall upon my eager ear
The voices I most love to hear.

Thank God that once more we have known
The touch of loved hands on our own.
Thank God the children all are here.
Thank God we hold each other dear.

The comfort had, the money saved,
The way the markets have behaved?
Yes, that was good, of course. I may
Get to it later in the day.



Puzzlers . . .

A FAMOUS SINGER PUZZLE

By Bertha R. Hudelson

Take the italicized letters and by arranging them in the right order you will have the first and last names of a great woman singer. Five letters make the first name and four make the last.

She sang in opera when just
Shy seventeen, and came—
This Swedish girl—to U. S. A.
And here increased her fame.
She sang one hundred fifty times—
One thousand dollars each;
In later years she helped the poor
And sick within her reach.

Answer: Jenny Lind.

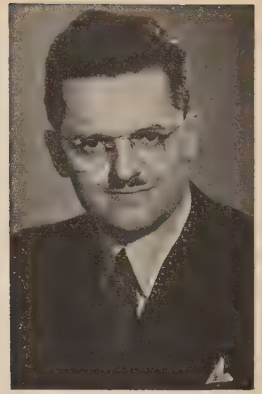
BIBLE QUOTATIONS

By Adelyn Jackson Richards

There are many often-quoted phrases in the Bible. Here are a few of the common ones. See if you can match the references with their present meanings given below:

1. Love of money is the root of all evil.
2. Perfect love casteth out fear.
3. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is.
4. Some have entertained angels unawares.
5. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.
6. Unto the pure, all things are pure.
- A. Be hospitable for the simplest guest may be more than he seems.
- B. The clean-minded are not contaminated by contact with evil.
- C. The body needs little when the soul is fed.
- D. True love knows no fear.
- E. Be generous and forgiving: don't harbor a grudge.
- F. The desire for wealth has caused many wrongs.

Answer: 1-F, 2-D, 3-C, 4-A, 5-E, 6-B.



Family Counselor

Here is a good test of your wits and carefulness. After you read this case record today, try it out upon the other members of your family who haven't seen it, and find out if they make the same mistakes so common among my university students.

Question (from Janice J., aged 20, who was enrolled in my child psychology class): "Dr. Crane, why do you remind us so often about how to score our True-False examination papers?" she inquired. "On the first day of class you explained that we are simply to subtract the number wrong from the number right, and thus obtain the net score. But you have repeated those instructions for three weeks. Do you think we are so slow, Dr. Crane?"

TEST YOUR WITS

Yes, people are certainly slow to learn how to be exact and careful. Every week I would give a True-False quiz to each of my psychology classes. And as Janice's comment indicated, I gave them triple instructions about scoring these examinations. Nevertheless, from three to five per cent of the students were incorrect in this simple task of scoring their neighbor's paper. They would even err in adding a simple row of figures!

Last semester, moreover, I administered the famous Army Alpha intelligence test, partly because of its historical interest.

One of the multiple choice statements therein is as follows: "Napoleon defeated the Austrians at Friedland - Wagram - Waterloo - Leipzig."

They were to underline one of the four cities which made the truest sentence. Can you guess which one at least half of my classes would underline? It was Waterloo. And that was the wrong answer, too, for everybody should know that Napoleon didn't defeat anybody there. In fact, that is where Napoleon met his downfall. But my students would be so careless they'd ignore the verb in that sentence and simply jump to conclusions. So they were careless, despite their high intelligence.

DOUBLE CHECK

In that same intelligence test was another simple statement which always caused many errors. For example, in one of my "General Psychology" courses, 116 students out of 208 (over 50%) underlined the word Brazil in the following quiz item:

"Buenos Aires is a city in Spain - Brazil - Portugal - Argentina."

Every year for nearly twenty years I witnessed this same error on the part of a majority of college students.

So try this little test on the other members of your family right now, before they have had time to read this article. Ask your family, moreover, what trade name comes to mind when they hear the slogan: "Eventually—why not now?"

In many surveys of American adults, we have found an average of about 44% who respond with the word, "Pillsbury," which is incorrect. That slogan advertises Washburn-Crosby Gold Medal flour. Such a mistake is beautiful from the standpoint of Pillsbury, but not so good for Washburn-Crosby, which thus unfortunately spent money educating the 44% of the public to think of its competitor!

WHY ACCIDENTS

Our forest fires annually destroy millions of dollars' worth of fine timber, largely because of carelessness of smokers. And hundreds of lives are annually lost in fires which start because of lighted cigarettes that were dropped in wastepaper baskets, or tossed out of open windows to fall upon awnings or roofs below. Indeed, some women will carelessly drop their cigarettes into mail chutes in our large office buildings, thus destroying valuable letters and even igniting the buildings. College dormitories, too, as well as wheat fields, have been incinerated in similar fashion. Most of our automobile accidents are likewise due to carelessness.

But carefulness is neither in-born nor an inevitable accompaniment of intelligence. It is a habit, so start the habit NOW! Be your own critic and double check your work before you leave it!



Notice how Judy used ailments to browbeat Mrs. Crane. This domestic drama is enacted in almost every home. It is such an excellent example of

Tears in the Night

By Bea Corum

SOBS CAME from the bedroom; then a call, "Mother, please come here!" I went at once to the room of my ten-year-old son. With tears streaming down his face, he said, "Please, Mother, will you say a prayer with me for peace, so there won't be war any more?"

Putting my arm around him, I tried in my stumbling way to relieve his fears with a plea to God for help. I told him, "Honey, God doesn't want war, and we can pray for peace—and we should—but until people do more than just say words in prayer, we will never have peace in this world. The only way we will ever have peace is for everyone to learn to love others as themselves. We can have peace within our own souls if we try the best we know how to live the way Christ showed us, and to have peace within our own homes.

"Little boys like you, Dear, can help to bring peace by not fighting and quarreling with their brothers and playmates, and by learning to share what they have with those who have less.

"We may be hungry, cold and homeless before people learn to live together as friends and brothers. I don't be-

lieve it is how long or where one lives that counts with God, but how well we live.

"We can have peace within if we ask for it, because Christ said, 'My peace I leave with you.' If he left it for us he wants us to have it. So let us pray, 'Please, God, help us to work for peace in our world. Amen.'"

Kissing me on the cheek, he turned over and went to sleep. As I tiptoed from the room, I could only pray that I had made him feel that God's arms were close around him, and that, no matter what comes, He will always be there.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

child psychology, that I recommend you paste this case record in your scrapbook along with the usual child behavior case which I present in this column. By this plan, in a year you'll have a small textbook on child psychology.

When Judy, our only daughter, was almost five years old she went through the following antics one evening.

"Oh, oh, my tummy hurts," she moaned, after two or three trips to the bathroom and a request for a cookie had apparently exhausted her usual repertoire of "stunts" for keeping out of bed.

"Well, turn over on your stomach, and it will probably feel better," Mrs. Crane called.

All was quiet for maybe another minute or two.

"But you didn't look at my sore leg," she called out, with a sudden inspiration. "It hurts

and I ought to have some medicine on it."

George, who was then aged nearly ten, chuckled and turned to his mother. "Isn't it funny how they just stall and stall?"

"Yes, but that's the way you and Philip used to do," his mother reminded him.

HOW CHILDREN THINK

With each additional year, a child gains in mental age until it reaches mental adulthood at about sixteen years. A child of the toddler stage thus cannot make the logical inferences and entertain as involved thoughts as can an older child.

Such a tot will actually hide its head under a sofa pillow, and apparently believe that its parents cannot see it, simply because it cannot see the parents! Moreover, youngsters are more easily swayed by quantity than by quality.

DON'T DEFER REWARDS

A toddler who cries because he has only one piece of candy when his brother has two pieces, can thus be soothed by breaking that single piece into fragments and thus producing two pieces thereof.

Such a ruse would not satisfy an adult, who would see that he gained no additional candy by simply breaking the stick into halves. But it often suffices for the child, who will feel happy after such a demonstration.

Children also lack a sense of time, so they are not oriented within the parts of the day. For example, it isn't until the average child is six years old that he can tell you whether it is morning or afternoon. So deferred rewards which are promised for "next week" or "next Saturday" are obviously too vague to be very effective appeals.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Children can easily be distracted from their goal or destination because they haven't the power to visualize future events as clearly as do adults. Thus, children dawdle with their dressing and become interested in any casual happening meanwhile, even though they may have been promised a trip to the zoo or some other desirable destination if they will hurry.

Children are also mystified by the apparent omniscience of their parents and marvel at the "little bird" which tells Mother of their doings in her absence from the house. But this "little bird" is simply her additional mental age, which permits a mother to perform logical deductions and make inferences which are beyond the capacity of her children. In a few years they, too, will develop mentally to the point where they can analyze and deduce or clearly see through the "stalling" tactics which Judy typified in today's case.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long, 3c stamped self-addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

Promotion

(From page 10.)

ing Helen and Bonnie out in the country for picnics pretty soon. But Helen wouldn't even go with him in the car if she knew what he had just done! The thought of losing her respect and love made him panicky.

"Good morning, Mr. Vrooman," a boy said and hurried past.

"Oh, hello, Dick," George said automatically, recognizing one of the boys in his Sunday school class. And he instantly wondered what Dick would think of him if he knew.

A sense of shame gripped him. What he had just done seemed inconceivable. Abruptly, he knew he had to go back and tell the rest of the story if it wasn't too late. Nothing else mattered!

AS HE REACHED the open door of the conference room he heard Tiffany say, "I guess that's all the witnesses unless there's someone you want to call, Mr. Hughes."

"Let's not waste any more taxpayers' money," Hughes said, doodling and smiling.

"Just a minute, Mr. Tiffany," George said and felt a strange new confidence. "May I add something to what I told you a few minutes ago?"

"All right. Make it snappy."

"Well, the first thing is this: When Mr. Hughes said he hoped Mr. Baker wouldn't become regional director he said he had nothing against Mr. Baker but merely thought Miss Woods had earned the position by longer experience. I have heard ninety per cent of the senior staff in this office say the same thing. I do not believe anyone is more loyal to Mr. Baker than Mr. Hughes is. I have never seen the slightest evidence of any real disloyalty on his part."

Abruptly, Hughes stopped his doodling and looked up.

"Now as to Mr. McCann: I have heard Mr. Hughes say he thought Mr. McCann was pretty young and inexperienced for his position, but he didn't say it in a really critical way. And Mr. Hughes is the only person I ever heard come to the defense of Mr. McCann in a big way. I doubt that Mr. McCann has a regional representative anywhere who is more loyal than Mr. Hughes, and I have talked to some of the others.

"I told you Mr. Hughes had ignored Mr. McCann's orders and I cited a case; but I didn't tell you the whole story: Mr. Hughes didn't give the field office manager Mr. McCann's instructions because the manager's wife was at the point of death, and it would have been inhuman to do it then. And besides, Mr. Hughes thought Mr. McCann didn't have all the facts about the case. Subsequent events proved that Mr. Hughes was right. I thought in fairness to him you ought to know this—if you don't already."

"Why didn't you tell us before?"

"For two reasons: In the first place, you didn't ask me; and in the second place, I'm ashamed to say, I withheld the information thinking it might help me not to tell."

"Whom did you talk to after you left a few minutes ago?"

"My conscience."

"Anything else?" Tiffany asked.

"No, Sir," George said and turned to go. This time he looked at Hughes and liked what he saw in the latter's face. And since Tiffany didn't ask any more questions, George hurried out, his head high and a good feeling inside.

Twenty minutes later, as he hurried up the walk to his house, Helen was standing on the porch.

Tears glistened in her eyes, and neither spoke until he took her in his arms. "Have you forgiven me?" he asked finally and kissed her again.

"Of course, and I know all about it, and I think you're wonderful."

"How did you know?"

"Mr. Hughes phoned me a few minutes ago. He said you're the most courageous man he ever knew—and about the only real Christian."

"I don't deserve that. I nearly failed as a Christian."

"That wasn't all he said."

"No?"

"They told him he could stay."

"I'm really glad of that, Honey."

"I'm so glad, because he isn't going to stay. He said he doesn't need the job, and it wouldn't be too pleasant for him now, anyway, and that's why he didn't fight much. So he resigned with the understanding that you'll get it."

George couldn't speak for a long moment. Finally he said, "That was nice of him, wasn't it? But somehow, it doesn't seem very important any more—the promotion and the car."

Cousin Tom and the Snow Submarine

(From page 26.)

they managed to find their own paws and tails and crawled uphill in the shiny trash can.

"What shall we do now, Cousin Tom?" asked the Bear brothers.

"I think I know what to do," said Tom. "If the submarine goes down when we all sit in the front end, maybe it will go up if we all sit in the back end. Let's try it."

So they sat as close to the lid as possible. Cousin Tom cranked away on the egg beater. And, what do you think? They slowly moved upward. Then faster and faster until they shot right up out of the snow into the sunshine.

"Could we get out for a while?" asked Bong.

"Well," said Tom, "if you are very careful not to sink into the snow up to your noses." And he pushed the lid—

but nothing whatever happened.

"Help me push the lid off, boys," asked Tom.

So the boys pushed, and Tom pushed, and all three shoved until they were out of breath.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried the Bears, "we'll never get out! And this old can will be awfully crowded when we grow up to be as big as Papa Bear," and the little boys cried awhile.

"Now don't worry," said Tom. "Your father shoved this lid on a little too tight, but we'll get out some way. Let me look through the periscope! Oh, I see Flippy coming."

"Flippy," called Tom through the pipe.

Flippy was so scared when he heard the funny thing call his name that he turned a somersault and sank deep into the snow. When he managed to scramble out he dashed to his tree and peeked around the trunk.

"Flippy," called Tom, "it's your cat cousin."

Flippy came a little closer. "You don't look like Cousin Tom," he said. "Cousin Tom doesn't have a thing sticking out of his back, and his tail doesn't look like an egg beater."

"Flippy," said Tom, "don't be silly. I am inside this submarine."

"Well, come out and show me," said Flippy, coming nearer.

"I can't. The lid's on too tight."

Then Flippy came and pulled on the lid while the animals pushed from the inside. But still nothing happened.

"Oh, dear," sighed Bing.

"Can you make that thing move?" asked Flippy.

"Certainly," answered Tom. "Watch." And he cranked the egg beater and away they went, with Flippy jumping along behind.

"Stop!" yelled Flippy, all out of breath.

Cousin Tom stopped.

"Let me get on top to tell you how to steer, and we can scrape the lid off against my tree."

And that is just what they did. Flippy sat on top and called out, "Right—left—straight ahead!" until the submarine scraped against the tree and the lid fell off, and out tumbled the three passengers.

"Cousin Tom," said the Bear brothers politely, "if you don't mind, we think we shall walk home."

Cousin Tom said he did not mind, so the two boys started off.

"'Fraid cats!" yelled Flippy.

"What do you mean, 'fraid cats'?" asked Tom, a little angry.

"Oh, I am sorry, Cousin Tom. I meant 'fraid bears.'"

"Well, that's all right then," said Tom. "Do you want a ride?"

Flippy thought for a moment. "I guess I am just a 'fraid squirrel,'" he said.

So Cousin Tom had to take his shiny submarine home all by himself, and you may believe that he pulled the lid on all by himself, and very carefully, too!

Thanksgiving Fun

(From page 36.)

and adds his, and so on until all have given their names. You'll be surprised how many odd and queer middle names will be revealed, some that perhaps the owners have tried to live down. You can be sure you will have all your guests laughing. And laughter will be a help in the digesting of that bountiful dinner you served them earlier.

PLAY BALL!—Get your guests on their feet again. Give each one a sheet of newspaper to hold in his right hand. At a signal, have them try to wad that sheet of paper into the smallest ball possible, using only the right hand and holding the right arm straight out from the body. Of course, the men, with their larger hands, have the advantage, but it is surprising how often the women, with their nimbler fingers, can come a close second. Score each guest according to

the size of the ball he has been able to form, the smallest receiving 100, with five less for the next in size, etc.

After this game, there will be grimy hands from the printer's ink on the newspaper. Send your guests to the bathroom with that bar of soap you used earlier, in the game of Cake Walk. While your guests are getting cleaned up, you can get ready for the next game.

DRESSED TO KILL.—A few props are needed. For the men, who will form one team, furnish four metal hair curlers and a heavy hair net with elastic band, the kind a woman might wear at night to hold her curls in place. To the women, in the other team, give a man's shirt and tie. At the signal "go," one from each team takes his props. The man rolls up his hair in the curlers and adjusts the hair net; the woman puts on the shirt, buttons it and puts on the tie, tying it in a four-in-hand. Then each takes the things off, and passes them on to

the next in line. Members of the team that finishes first score 100, the others get 75 written on their tallies. This game is a lot of fun, especially if there are some male guests with thinning locks. And the women will feel awkward trying to button a shirt with the buttons on the "wrong" side. As for the tie!!

When the games are ended, add the scores, and award inexpensive prizes to the winners. These may include a plastic holder for postage stamps, small address books, little sewing kits for the purse, letter openers with a small magnifying glass attached to each, or telephone memorandum pads. (These items are obtainable from your religious publishing house at prices ranging from ten to fifty cents.)

By this time, dinner should really be digested, and all your guests will be thanking you for a wonderful dinner, a wonderful time—for a wonderful Thanksgiving Day, with *all the trimmin's!*

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Read from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Warmest -----	18 2 38 54 34 66 79
B Fixed firmly; not loose -	127 135 111 68 86
C Where a kangaroo carries its baby -----	119 113 120 84 97
D State whose capital is Columbus -----	136 116 123 100
E Not anything at all ---	16 39 17 45 26 51 56
F The Lone Ranger's friend -----	134 112 106 60 57
G A marble -----	133 107 117 96 78
H Scared -----	29 10 30 69 50 62
I Any age between thirteen and twenty -----	24 19 53 64 83 65 31
J Purchased -----	90 21 11 94 55 32
K Hurried -----	80 72 76 44 131 82 59
L A package or a parcel -	121 7 23 101 74 36
M Place to change into your bathing suit -----	4 25 8 1 41 15 22 28 5
N The first letter of your name -----	9 93 42 47 61 88 122
O Tallest -----	77 63 98 87 37 108 67
P Mr. Cassidy of the radio	33 58 14 46 12 99 27 52
Q Person who steals -----	89 128 75 95 35

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
	13	14	15	16		17	18	19		20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28		29	30	31		32	33
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	44	45	46	47		48	49	50	51	52	53	54
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77	78	79	80		81	82	83	84	85		86	87
88	89		90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97		98
99	100	101		102	103	104	105	106	107	108		109
110		111	112	113	114		115	116	117	118		119
120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128		129	130	131
132	133	134	135	136	137							

Solution, page 46.

R A hike, or a journey on foot -----	102 49 6 20 71
S It is on the upper right-hand corner of an envelope -----	124 115 130 43 81
T A quick puff of air -----	3 125 92 40 110
U Pushed with the head, as a goat -----	48 13 70 118 85 104
V One of the first spring birds -----	91 109 73 103 137
W Plunges head first into the water -----	114 105 132 126 129



Books for the Hearth Side

FOR CHILDREN

God Planned It That Way, by Carolyn Edna Muller (Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville; unpagcd, \$1.00), is a beautiful book for children from three to seven years of age. Bobbie and his mother consider together the things which God has planned and for which they are thankful.

♦ ♦ ♦

Joan, Maid of France, by J. Christopher Herold (Aladdin), 241 pages, \$3.00, is a fascinating, easy-to-read record of the heroine of France. With nothing but her indomitable faith, her keen mind, and her strong courage, she was able to meet all kinds of opposition and liberate her country. The authentic illustrations by Frederick T. Chapman add much to the charm and interest of the story.

♦ ♦ ♦

Young Mr. Meeker, by Miriam E. Mason (Bobbs-Merrill; 168 pages, \$2.00), is a most unusual and exciting book. It tells the story of a famous trip to Oregon a hundred years ago, as seen through the eyes of a baby—young Mr. Meeker! Children up to ten years of age will enjoy reading this adventure story.

♦ ♦ ♦

Benbow and the Angels, by Margaret J. Baker (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York; 211 pages, \$2.50), is a delightful story by the author of *A Castle and Sixpence*. The scene of the story is laid in England. A young bachelor rector, Simon Angel, drives to the railroad station to pick up four "angels" waiting there for him. He expects to find figures of angels for the church; instead, he finds four orphaned young relatives named "Angel." How the Angels, Andrew, Timandra, Wren, and Lindsay Jane, fit into their new environment, the difficulties they get into with the best of intentions, the unexpected consequences of their deeds and misdeeds, all add up to a story that will make for good reading out loud in a family with children aged six to sixteen.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Parents of high school girls who are faced with the problem of sororities will get help from Anne Emery's novel **Sorority Girl** (Westminster Press, Phila.; 191 pages, \$2.50). Girls of high school age will also find this an interesting and stimulating book for their own reading. The author is not opposed to sororities as such, particularly in colleges, but does show what is involved in the attempt to introduce the movement into secondary schools. This volume is a sequel to the author's earlier novels, *Senior Year* and *Going Steady*. She writes a good story out of deep understanding and strong sympathy.

♦ ♦ ♦

Here is a book for young people who like the West, its ranches, horses, and men of the saddle. **Tumbleweed**, by Barlow Meyers (Westminster Press, Phila.; 192 pages, \$2.50), tells the story of the wild broomtail, Tumbleweed, and the boy who wanted her, got her, lost her, trailed her, found her, struggled for her, and at last secured her for his own. You will like Rush Jones, the boy, and Tracy Bender, who helped Rush in a time of need. The thrill of the rodeo, the suspense of a long, grinding race, the intrigue and clever, cruel, crookedness of men who get their way by any means, are all in this story of Wyoming and Colorado. The author was raised and educated on horseback, and her story gives evidence of her knowledge of horses and the West.

"A fool boy," fifteen, sets out for gold-fever-stricken California but comes to **The Fork in the Trail** (by Val Gendron) (Longmans, Green, and Co., Inc., New York; 208 pages, \$2.75). He turns out to be not such a fool after all, even though he does not find his pot o' gold in California. Wint Hanners, compelled by the breakdown of his wagon to remain in western Nebraska, turned his bad fortune into good by his industry, his friendliness, and his helpfulness to others. Eventually he heads for Texas with the herd of cattle he built up. Parents who would like to get their adolescents interested in something other than "comics" will find this a good antidote. The entire family will enjoy this account of the rough and rugged days when the pioneers left St. Louis for the Golden West. The book is illustrated by Sidney Quinn.

♦ ♦ ♦

One of the best of modern historical adventure writers for young people, Merritt Parmelee Allen, gives them another good tale in his **Johnny Reb** (Longmans, Green, and Co., Inc., New York; 250 pages, \$2.75). A native of Vermont, the author writes with understanding of and sympathy for the Southern cause. The main character is Ezra Todd, an orphan boy of seventeen who becomes a member of the famous cavalry troop of Jeb Stuart and Wade Hampton. The War Between the States is portrayed realistically and without glamour. Providing comic relief is Ezra's older comrade Festival Jones. Here is history set forth in a way that will absorb the interest of girls and boys who may stumble a bit over it in the schoolroom. Jacket and illustrations are by Ralph Ray, Jr.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fishing on Lake Michigan provides the setting for **The Beautiful Ship**, by John B. Prescott (Longman, Green, and Co., Inc., New York; 182 pages, \$2.50). Eric Jorgenson, just out of high school, decides to go into commercial fishing, which was the occupation of his ancestors. He is helped by an understanding father to buy his own fishing boat, *Good Hope*. His struggles to succeed against suspicious fellow fishermen, a poor fishing season, storms on the lake, pirates, and lamprey eels make for an exciting story that will keep young readers close in the wake of the good ship *Good Hope*. The art work is done by Allan Thomas.

FOR ADULTS

The story of the displaced persons has been told in many ways. Ewald Mand tells it in his novel **The World Is My Home** (Friendship Press, New York; 169 pages, \$2.00). Jean Kalam, an Estonian refugee, is the center of interest in the book. Through his experiences we Americans, in our safe, comfortable, soft environment, sense something of the terror, the confusion, the hardship, the misunderstanding, the hope, and the despair of these newcomers from Europe's refugee centers. The author is himself a native of Estonia who lived under the occupation of Russia and the Nazis. He escaped in 1944 and finally arrived in this country in 1946. He writes, therefore, from firsthand experience. Although he has written seven novels in his native language, this is his first to be published in English. An article by Mr. Mand, entitled "At Home—Behind the Iron Curtain," appeared in the January, 1952, issue of *Hearthstone*. He is now the minister of the First Baptist Church of Rockport, Massachusetts.



These bright toys
made from scraps are
fun to make and
fun to give

BEANBAGS AND STUFFED TOYS

Here are three patterns that are easy and fun to use. You can make them yourself as gifts for small children; last Christmas I made one for each child on my list who was under two years old. I made stuffed toys for the little babies, and beanbags for the toddlers. If you make these in a group, you can sell them at a church bazaar (aren't you tired of making nothing but aprons and bibs?) or you can give them to sick children in the hospital, or to whatever charity your group is interested in.

To make your pattern, mark off a piece of paper in one-inch squares and enlarge the diagrams, letting each small block in the chart represent an inch.

The diagram of the rabbit shows the complete pattern. The fish shows half the pattern, so make the enlarged pattern of half the fish, using the same method as for the rabbit. Then fold your paper. When you cut around your diagram pattern, you will have the entire side of the fish. You need one pattern for the body of the elephant and another for the ears.

All patterns allow exactly one-quarter inch for seams.

You can use any kind of scraps you like, although the stronger the material is, the sturdier the toys will be.

For beanbags, corduroy is an ideal material, but denim, twill or any heavy cotton will do as well. For cuddle toys, velveteen is just the thing, but again, any cotton material will do. Be sure to use bright colors, as children like them best. Use colored buttons for the eyes on the beanbags, and remember to sew them on first, *before* you have stitched the animal together. For stuffed toys, you can use buttons, or embroider the eyes with yarn or six-strand embroidery floss.

For the rabbit, cut two pieces of material from the pattern, laying the right sides of the cloth together. In making a beanbag, you will not have to do any embroidery at all. Sew the button-eyes in place, then lay the pieces together, right sides inside, and stitch a quarter of an inch inside the edge. Leave two inches open along the back for stuffing. Clip the seam along the curved sides several times, and in the corners, but be sure not to cut the stitching itself. Now turn right side out, push the corners out with a blunt pencil, and fill loosely with dried beans. Whip the opening shut neatly.

For a cuddle-bunny, pink velveteen makes the cutest little animal you have ever seen. Before sewing the two pieces together, embroider in outline stitch (Fig. A) along the lines of his ear, legs,

etc., as shown in the chart, and put his eyes on. Sew as for the beanbag, and stuff with kapok or cotton batting. Tie a gay bow about his neck.

For the fish, cut two pieces of material, right sides together. Sew on the eyes. Now cut two strips of paper two inches wide and six inches long. Wrap yarn around this, as shown in Fig. B. Lay one yarn-wrapped paper along the top of one side, and the other at the bottom of the same side, as shown in Fig. C. Baste or pin the papers along the seam-line. Now place the other piece on this, right sides together (the yarn is inside). Pin and sew, leaving two inches open at the nose for turning. Turn the fish, bringing the yarn on the outside, and tear the paper off carefully. Stuff with beans or cotton, and whipstitch the opening. These fish may be made of any bright figured material; I have made a number, and the most attractive was made of plain pale blue corduroy, with bright red button-eyes and red yarn trim.

For the elephant, cut two pieces for the body and two for the ears. Use figured material for the body and a plain contrasting color for the ears, or the other way around. Fold under the seam-allowance on the ears, leaving the top seam open. Baste the ears and sew firmly to the sides of the elephant. Sew on the eyes. Now put the right sides together (ears inside), and sew, turn, and stuff, as with the other toys.

For a stuffed elephant, again velveteen is an ideal cloth, but the gingham and calicos are almost as attractive and don't show soil as badly. Before sewing the sides together, embroider the lines indicated with black floss. Fasten a tail to the elephant, either of yarn or floss, two inches long. If you braid the yarn, tie a knot near the end and leave the pieces to form a little tassel.

There are long, happy hours ahead for the children who receive these toys.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram, page 44.)

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation."—Isaiah 52:7.

The Words

A Hottest	L Bundle
B Tight	M Bathhouse
C Pouch	N Initial
D Ohio	O Highest
E Nothing	P Hopalong
F Tonto	Q Thief
G Agate	R Tramp
H Afraid	S Stamp
I Teen-age	T Whiff
J Bought	U Butted
K Hustled	V Robin
W Dives	

Sunday Night Suppers

by the Children

(From page 23.)

night experiments, upon Dad and his willingness cheerfully to lay down his paper and back her up, and upon how much satisfaction the children get out of their Sunday night suppers.

Suggested Menus

Menus for Basic Sandwich Suppers

Cheese-stuffed frankfurters on hot buttered rolls
Malted Milk shake
Potato Chips
Pickle relish, mustard, or catsup
Chilled fruit in season

Prepare at least two frankfurters apiece. Cut a lengthwise slit in each frankfurter and fill the slit with a strip of American cheese $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Broil slowly until browned and the cheese is melted (about 6 minutes). Serve on hot buns, with a choice of relishes.

Chocolate malted milk may be purchased in powder form. Add four to five teaspoonfuls of the powdered malted milk to each glass of milk. Beat with mixer or hand beater. Ice cream may be added before the milk shake is whipped.

The fresh fruit should be thoroughly chilled, washed, polished, and arranged attractively in a large fruit bowl.

* * *

Toasted or grilled cheese sandwich
Deviled eggs
Dill pickles
Fresh sliced tomatoes in summer;
fruit salad in winter
Ice cream in cones
Chilled fruit punch

The winter fruit salad may be a canned peach stuffed with cottage cheese, or pineapple with cream cheese or with grated American or longhorn cheese. A fresh fruit salad might be made for a summertime supper.

* * *

Cold cuts and sliced Swiss cheese on rye or white bread
Tossed garden salad in summer; cabbage and carrot salad in winter
Cantaloupe *a la mode* in summer;
brown Betty *a la mode* in winter
Iced tea or milk;
or hot chocolate with a marshmallow float

* * *

Toasted bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich
Buttered green beans
Chocolate nut sundae
Milk or iced tea

* * *

Grilled hamburger on hot buttered bun
Lettuce and tomato salad
Banana custard
Milk or hot chocolate

Box Lunch Menu

Ham and cheese sandwich on rye bread with lettuce and mayonnaise or mustard
Nut bread or brown bread with cream cheese

Potato chips

Carrot sticks, pickles, olives
Fresh fruit in season and ice-box cookies;

or candy bar or homemade candy
Milk or, in hot weather, lemonade

All sandwiches should be wrapped separately in waxed paper or in waxed paper sandwich bags, to keep them from drying out. Potato chips may also be put into individual bags. Relishes may be wrapped in aluminum foil with ends tightly folded over. The ice-box cookies may be made the day before, and baked on the day of the party.

Gypsy Menu

Washington Chowder
Fruited gelatin on lettuce cup
(arrange in individual servings on a platter)
Ice cream
Chocolate layer cake (ready mix)
Milk

WASHINGTON CHOWDER (20 servings)

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter or	3 cups corn
oleo	(creamed
1 qt. diced po-	style)
tatoes	1 No. 2 can to-
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced on-	matoes
ions	2 qts. milk
1 qt. water	salt; pepper

* * *

Chile con carne with saltines
Fruited gelatin salad on lettuce cup
Ice cream with cake

Variations on Main Dish

Cold cuts	Hamburgers
Deviled eggs	Cheeseburgers
Creamed tuna	Broiled bacon-
fish	wrapped wie-
	ners

Variations on Sandwiches

Peanut butter mixed with raisins, or jelly, or relish

Roast meat, sliced thin
Lettuce and tomato
Egg or ham salad
Grilled cheese

Relishes

Carrot sticks, celery, pickles, stuffed or ripe olives, mustard, catsup, chili sauce, relishes

Variations on Beverages

Milk shakes made with different flavors of ice cream, syrup, or crushed fresh fruit. Powdered dry milk may be used instead of the usual milk.

Fall and Winter Teen-Age Snacks

Apples, popcorn, and milk or hot chocolate
Cider and doughnuts
Chili con carne with crackers; buttered carrots or green peas; sliced pineapple with cookies, and milk.
Soup with saltines; canned fruit and cupcakes
Black Cow (root beer with vanilla ice cream float) and pretzels

How the Teen-Ager Gets Religion

(From page 21.)

their ideas of life's verities and the parent will have an opportunity to share something of what he has learned through the years. But the wise parent will guard against giving the impression that he knows all the answers. He will encourage his perplexed adolescent to seek help in other quarters, too. The family pastor, a trusted teacher, a beloved grandparent may all be referred to for guidance. Well-written plays that dramatize life's problems, wise books that interpret them, good music and art that impress the ear and the eye should be made available to the adolescent. He will develop his own religion then, and a relaxed parent will be willing to remain in the background, having done all he can, and let God work in his way to claim another worker for his cause.

Timely Tips

By Mary Elsnau

Wrap leg bones and wing tips of your bird with strips of bacon; they will not char while roasting.

To make hard rolls extra crusty, keep a pan of boiling water in the oven while the rolls are baking.

Save time when baking anything calling for chopped nuts, by putting them in a paper bag; then roll or pound until crumbled.

Sprinkle a small amount of flour in the grease before frying eggs and they will never pop.

Add a teaspoon of baking powder to one pint of coffee cream and it will whip nicely.

Fasten a screen door spring inside your cupboard door to hold pan lids. The lids are readily slipped behind the wire and are as easily removed.



November Notes

... November, the eleventh month with the "nine" in its name, is a significant month. Why does Webster suggest that "Novemberish" is the equivalent of "dismal"? ... For the United States, November 4 will mark the holding of another Presidential election. *Hearthstone* reminds you that it is your duty to vote. Our country stands to lose more by the failure of its citizens to vote than it does by any infiltration of any "ism" into our political structure. ... A week later there will be some communities that still observe Armistice Day. In view of World War II, the question arises as to any further need for that particular holiday; it seems almost a mockery to celebrate a cessation of hostilities that resulted ultimately in even a worse war. ... During this month you will notice a great advertising campaign boosting "Religion in American Life," sponsored as a public service by American business and advertising interests. Watch for the different forms it takes and the emphases it makes. ... Tops in the month of November for everybody in the United States is the annual observance of the Day of Thanksgiving. Christian homes will make every effort to see that it is not just a day of feasting and fun, but that there will also be the expression of deep gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. ... Remember! Twenty-five per cent of 1951's fatal automobile accidents were caused by drivers under twenty-five years of age, who constitute only 15 per cent of the total number of drivers. Parents have a responsibility to supervise and direct the driving habits of their young people. See that they get adequate instruction, and impress upon them their responsibility in this one hundred horse-powered age.

Why College Students Drink

A recently concluded five-year survey of drinking among college students points directly to the home as the place where a large share of the blame must lie. If both parents drink, 90 per cent of their college sons and 83 per cent of their college daughters also drink. When both parents are teetotalers, 50 per cent of the sons and only 19 per cent of the daughters indulge while they are in college.

Another important fact emerging from the survey is that 80 per cent of the men and 65 per cent of the women began drinking before they arrived in college. This causes speculation as to how many of our "respectable" liquor outlets are selling to minors; probably most of them.

The survey also reveals that a low family income means a lower rate of drinking among college men and women, while those coming from homes having incomes of \$10,000 and up have a rate of 86 per cent for men and 79 per cent for women.

What is needed is a more intense program of education in home, church, and school as to what alcohol is and what it does. A straightforward, factual, scientific program of education without any emotional or prejudicial overtones can now be set up, *if we have the will to see that it is done.*

That it needs to be done is seen in these words of Dr. Haven Emerson, "We have learned that alcohol, as commonly used today, causes more disease, disability, and death than any other cause of ill health which is wholly in the power of the individual to prevent and avoid."

Family Gifts for Christmas

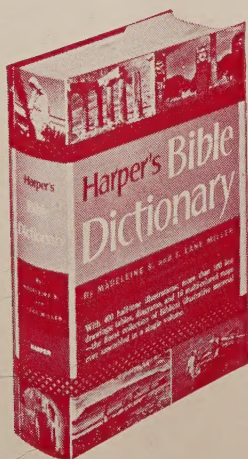
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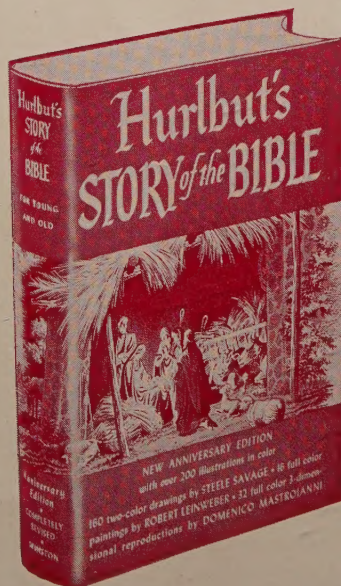


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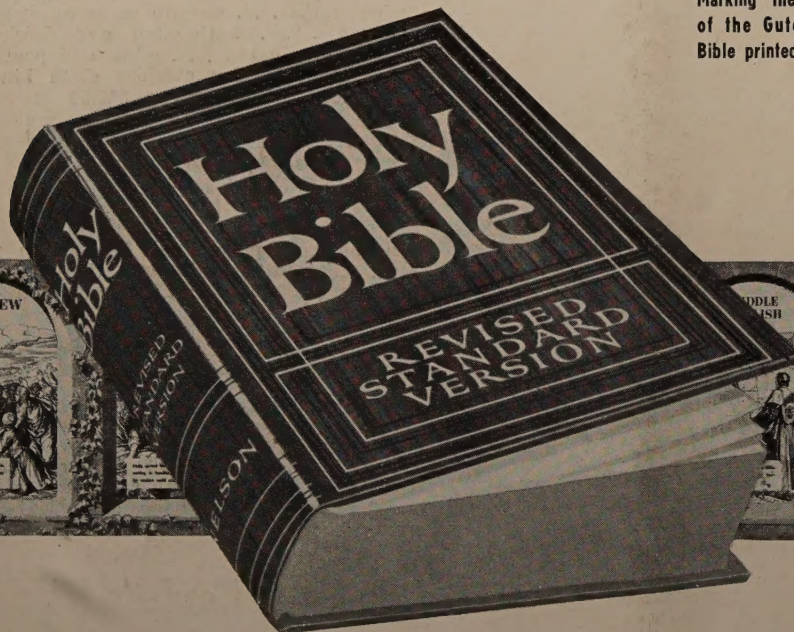
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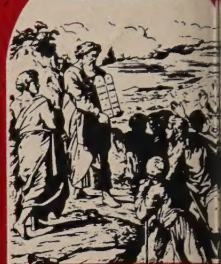
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